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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea, in the Years 1820, 21, 22, and 23. By Lieutenant (now Admiral) Ferdinand von Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Edited by Major Edward Sabine, R.A. F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 413. London, 1840. Madden and Co.

THERE are three principal points in which the interest and importance combined in this volume are eminently deserving of consideration; and which render it altogether one of the most valuable contributions to the great inquiry respecting the Arctic regions which has at any time issued from the press.

In the first place, it opens a new hope that this sea may be safely and successfully navigated.

In the second place, it affords us a connected chain of history, which unfolds the circumstances of preceding explorations.

And, in the third place, it gives us a narrative of personal adventure, and an account of native life and manners which is at once very affecting and extremely curious.

Thus are the future, the past, and the present, elucidated in the work; and, independently of its geographical discoveries and emendations (illustrated by an excellent map), and other scientific matters, there are many other recommendations with which we have been, and we are sure the public will be, highly gratified. Among these we may mention the admirable style in which the translation has been made by Mrs. Sabine,—more like pure original English composition than under the constraints of a foreign idiom;—and the very able editing of Major Sabine, whose talent and experience fitted him more perfectly for the task than any other individual existing.

With these advantages, M. von Wrangell's *Narrative* must meet with a cordial reception; and when the pleasure is so great we can hardly regret that it has been so long deferred.

Before we proceed to the details, it is our duty to revert to the first point to which we have alluded, and direct attention to what we think ought to be the result of that statement.

"The facts (observes Major Sabine in his preface) and circumstances made known by an expedition which was engaged during three years in geographical researches, extending over fifty degrees of longitude of the coasts of the Polar Sea, must in many instances bear, by a close analogy, on reasonings connected with the yet unexplored portion of the Arctic circle; and they do so particularly in respect to that part which has been, and still continues to be, the theatre of British enterprise. There is a striking resemblance in the configuration of the northern coasts of the continents of Asia and America, for several hundred miles on either side of Behring Straits; the general direction of the coast is the same in both continents, the latitude is nearly the same, and each has its attendant group of islands to the north,—the Asiatic continent, those usually known as the New Siberian Islands;—and the American, those called by Sir Edward Parry the North Georgian Group, and since fitly named, from their discoverer, the Parry Islands. The resemblance includes the islands also, both

in general character and in latitude. With so decided a similarity in the configuration and position of the land and sea, it is reasonable to expect that there should be a corresponding resemblance in the state and circumstances of the ice, by which the navigation of the ocean may be effected. In perusing M. von Wrangell's description of that portion of the sea which is comprised between the Asiatic continent and the New Siberian Islands, those who have had personal experience of the corresponding portion of the sea on the American side, namely, of the portion included between the continent and the Parry Islands, must at once recognise the close resemblance which the ice described by M. von Wrangell bears to that which fell under their own observation. In both cases, in summer, a narrow strip of open water exists between the shore and the ice, admitting of the occasional passage of a vessel from point to point, subject to frequent interruptions from the closing of the ice on the land by certain winds, and from difficulties at projecting capes and headlands. The main body of the ice, by which the sea is covered, is at that season broken into fields and floes of various extent and size, with lanes of open water intermediate; and in this state things remain till the first frosts of autumn, when the whole is cemented into a firm and connected covering, and remains so during the winter. From the circumstance of the Siberian Islands being rich in the remains of mammoths, which form a valuable article of commerce, this natural bridge is traversed every year by many persons, who pass and repass in winter and in spring:—on the American side it is trodden only by the rein-deer and musk-oxen, in their spring and autumn migrations. The thickness of ice formed in a single season is stated by M. von Wrangell to be about nine and a half feet; if prevented from drifting away during the summer, a second season will add about five feet; and a third season, doubtless, somewhat more. The fields of ice, which have been met with by the British expeditions in parts of the sea which are known to be cleared in every year,—in Baffin's Bay and Hudson's Straits, for example, and to the north and west of Spitzbergen,—have usually been from nine to ten feet thick; but I well remember the surprise excited in the expedition which penetrated to Melville Island, at the extraordinary and unprecedented thickness of the field-ice which they encountered, after passing Barrow Strait, and entering, for the first time, the portion of the sea comprised between the continent and the islands to its north; evidencing that on that portion of the sea the icy covering remains for successive years. The general thickness was more than double that of the formation of a single year. All the attempts to effect the north-west passage, since Barrow Strait was first passed in 1819, have consisted in an endeavour to force a vessel, by one route or by another, through this land-locked and ice-encumbered portion of the Polar Ocean. No examination has made known what may be the state of the sea to the north of the Parry Islands;* whether similar impediments may

there present themselves to navigation; or whether a sea may not there exist, offering no difficulties whatsoever of the kind, as M. von Wrangell has shewn to be the case to the north of the Siberian Islands, and as by strict analogy we should be justified in expecting; unless, indeed, other land should exist to the north of the Parry group, making that portion of the ocean also a land-locked sea. * * *

Setting aside the possibility of the existence of unknown land, the probability of an open sea existing to the north of the Parry Islands, and communicating with Behring Straits, appears to rest on strict analogical reasoning. The distance of either group to Behring Straits is nearly the same. It cannot be doubted, that by calling again into action the energy, and the other admirable qualities which have been fostered and displayed in the Arctic voyages, and by persevering through a succession of seasons, a vessel might be successfully forced from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through that confined and encumbered portion of the sea, in which all the recent attempts have been made; and that this would be deemed, and deservedly deemed, an achievement of no ordinary character; but who, that reflects on the interest which has been excited in this country for two centuries and a half, by the question of a north-west passage,—on the heroic performances of the earlier navigators, in their frail and insufficient vessels; and on all the efforts of modern times; can forbear to wish that the crowning enterprise of so much exertion and so many hopes may be more suitable to those expectations of a 'free and navigable' passage, which formed the reasonable basis of this long-cherished project?"

Surely these considerations will not be lost sight of by the British nation and government. The analogies are so obvious, and the reasoning so cogent, that we feel confident another expedition need only be undertaken under competent auspices, to reward and crown, in this respect, all the efforts of centuries.

The Introduction, of a hundred and thirty-seven pages, is a clear and interesting résumé of the Russian expeditions from the year 1600, and is full of curious particulars as well as of general intelligence. For instance, we are told in remarks upon Hedenström's voyage:—

"The nearer we approach the Arctic shore, the more scanty and diminutive the trees become. As far as Verchojanak we still find larch-trees of good size. Beyond the 70th degree neither trees nor shrubs are met with. He gives some interesting particulars respecting the mammoth-bones, the peculiar production of Siberia, and more particularly of the northern islands. According to his account, these bones or tusks are less large and heavy the further we advance towards the north, so

from the south to the north side of Melville Island, the largest of the group, in May 1830, did not go off the land on the north side."

* "It must be borne in mind that 'the north-west passage,' and 'the determination and survey of the north coast of America,' are distinct geographical problems; the latter, in which the name of Franklin stands pre-eminent, and which, by means of the recent highly praiseworthy exertions of the Hudson's Bay Company, is now nearly completed, is one of the collateral fruits of the interest originally excited by the question of 'the north-west passage.'"

* "The party, of which I was myself one, who walked

that it is a rare occurrence on the islands to meet with a tusk of more than three pood in weight, whereas on the continent, they are said often to weigh as much as twelve pood. In quantity, however, these bones increase wonderfully to the northward, and, as Sainikow expresses himself, the whole soil of the first of the Lichov Islands appears to consist of them. For about eighty years the fur-hunters have every year brought large cargoes from this island, but as yet there is no sensible diminution of the stock. The tusks on the islands are also much more fresh and white than those of the continent. A sand-bank on the western side was most productive of all, and the fur-hunters maintain, that when the sea recedes after a long continuance of easterly winds, a fresh supply of mammoth-bones is always found to have been washed upon this bank, proceeding apparently from some vast store at the bottom of the sea. In addition to the mammoth, the remains of two other unknown animals are found along the shore of the Polar Ocean. The head of one of these bears a strong resemblance to that of the rein-deer; differing from it in the size and form of the antlers, which descend and turn up towards the extremity. The head of the other animal is generally thirty-one inches long, and twelve inches broad; the nose is bent downward, and shews several rows of bony excrescences. Near these last-named skulls something like the claw of an enormous bird is generally found. These claws are often three English feet long, flat above, but pointed below, the section presenting a triangle. They appear to have been divided into joints throughout their whole length, like the claws of a bird. The Jukahiri, who make use of these horny claws, to give increased force to their bows, maintain that the head and claws have both belonged to an enormous bird, respecting which they relate a number of marvellous stories.*

M. von Wrangell's own expedition was planned in order to make an accurate survey of the north-west coast of Siberia, between the Jana and the Kolyma, and as far as the Schelagiskoi Noss, including an examination of the islands in the Arctic Ocean already referred to. It rendezvoused at Irkutsk and descended the Lena towards the sea. It is stated:—

"The further north we proceeded, the more desolate the shores of the Lena became in every respect. We had seen at Olekma the last traces of either field or garden cultivation; beyond it the natives subsist entirely on the produce of their cattle, hunting, and fishing. There are scarcely any settlements except the post-stations, and the few inhabitants appear miserably off. Those who came to us were in rags, and bowed down by want and sickness. This is especially the case with the Russian settlers, who are found as far north as within fifty wersts of Jakutsk. Further north the population consists entirely of Jakuti, who, as the true aborigines, know how to encounter the climate better, and suffer less from its severity and privations. *

I will notice here, in passing, a few of the principal characteristics of this people. Their countenance and language fully confirm the tradition of their descent from the Tartars.† They are properly a pastoral people, whose

chief riches consist in the number of their horses and horned cattle, on the produce of which they subsist almost entirely. But the abundance of fur-animals in their vast forests, and the profit which they can make by selling them to the Russians, have turned a large part of their attention to the chase, of which they are often passionately fond, and which they follow with unwearied ardour and admirable skill. Accustomed from infancy to the privations incidental to their severe climate, they disregard hardships of every kind. They appear absolutely insensible to cold, and their endurance of hunger is such as to be almost incredible. Their food consists of sour cows' milk, and mares' milk, and of beef, and horse-flesh. They boil their meat, but never roast or bake it, and bread is unknown among them. Fat is their greatest delicacy. They eat it in every possible shape; raw, melted, fresh, or spoilt. In general they regard quantity, more than quality, in their food. They grate the inner bark of the larch, and sometimes of the fir, and mix it with fish, a little meal and milk, or by preference with fat, and make it into a sort of broth, which they consume in large quantities. They prepare from cows' milk what is called the Jakutian butter. It is more like a kind of cheese, or of curd, and has a sourish taste; it is not very rich, and is a very good article of food eaten alone. Both men and women are passionately fond of smoking tobacco. They prefer the most pungent kinds, especially the Circassian. They swallow the smoke, and it produces a kind of stupefaction which nearly resembles intoxication; and if provoked when in this state, the consequences are dangerous. Brandy is also used, though the long inland carriage renders it extremely dear. The Russian traders know how to avail themselves of these tastes in their traffic for furs."

Proceeding onward:—

"On the 26th of September we reached the first post-station, called Baralas. It is 157 wersts from the mountains we had passed, and is, according to our observations, in latitude 65° 51'. We were delighted to find here a good roomy jurte, prepared for travellers, and kept in excellent order. Near the door we saw pieces of transparent ice, ranged along on clean snow, ready for the soup or the tea-kettle. The interior was well swept, clean hay was laid on the benches round the walls, and a bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The windows were closed by smooth, transparent panes of ice, carefully cemented with the same ready material. After being nine days and nights in the open air, in snow and cold, unable to take off our clothes, or to wash ourselves, lest we should be frost-bitten, we thought ourselves in a palace, and a thorough toilette seemed to give us new life. Our worthy host appeared hardly able to appreciate, for want of personal experience, our hearty thanks for so great an enjoyment. He then placed before us a good meal of Siberian delicacies, such as frozen Jakutian butter without salt, struganina, or thin flakes of frozen fish, and lastly, fresh raw reindeer marrow. We were too well pleased with our host to shew any dislike to his entertainment. In the sequel we grew more used to such fare, and I own I now prefer flakes of fresh struganina, before it thaws, seasoned with salt and pepper, to dressed fish. *

At midnight, on the 10th of October, we reached the little town of Satchiwersk, on the right bank of the Indigirka, 415 wersts from Tabalog. During the journey the cold had never been less than 4°, and we often had it 22°.

We had passed our nights in ruined, deserted cottages, and in the Powarni. The plains were still bare of snow, chiefly from the effect of the constant winds. In 1786, a short time previous to the expedition of Captain Billings, Satchiwersk, which before only consisted of a few huts, was raised to the rank of a district town by the Empress Catherine II. The presence of the authorities gave it a temporary importance; their subsequent withdrawal has allowed it to fall back to its original insignificance. It has still a good church, and four or five cottages inhabited by the priest and his brother, the native overseer of the post-station, and two Russian families. But poor as this place is, it has one feature which renders it well deserving of notice, in the person of the clergyman, who is known far and wide by the name of Father Michel. At the time of our visit he was eighty-seven years of age, and had passed about sixty years here as deacon and as priest, during which time he has not only baptised 15,000 Jakuti, Tungusi, and Jukahiri, but has really made them acquainted with the leading truths of Christianity; and the fruits of his doctrine, his example, and his counsels, are visible in their great moral improvement. Such is the zeal of this truly venerable man for the extension of the Gospel among the inhabitants of these snowy wastes, that neither his great age, nor the severity of the climate, nor the countless other difficulties of the country, prevent his still riding above 2000 wersts a-year, in order to baptise the new-born children of his widely-scattered flock, and to perform the other duties of his sacred calling; as well as to assist his people in every way he can, as minister, as teacher, as friend, and adviser, and even as physician. Yet he sometimes finds time and strength to go to the neighbouring hills to shoot argali and other game; and has bestowed so much pains and skill on his little garden, that he has reared cabbages, turnips, and radishes. He placed before us sour kroust soup, and fresh-baked rye-bread, and his pleasure in seeing us enjoy these excellent and long-unstated national dishes, was at least as great as our own. He gave us another kind of bread of his own invention. It is made of dried fish grated to a fine powder, in which state it will keep a long time, if not allowed to get damp; mixed with a small quantity of meal, it makes a well-tasted bread. *

We had thus travelled eleven thousand wersts from St. Petersburg in 224 days, and had reached the first point to which we were bound. We were arrived at Nishne Kolymsk, a fishing village, destined to be our head-quarters for the next three years. *

The vegetation of summer is scarcely more than a struggle for existence. In the latter end of May the stunted willow-bushes put out little wrinkled leaves, and those banks which slope towards the south become clothed with a semi-verdant hue: in June the temperature at noon attains 72°; the flowers shew themselves, and the berry-bearing plants blossom, when sometimes an icy blast from the sea turns the verdure yellow, and destroys the bloom. The air is clearest in July, and the temperature is usually mild. But, as if to imbitter to the inhabitants of this dreary region this semblance of summer, and to cause them to wish for winter again, millions of mosquitoes darken the air, and oblige every one to take refuge in the thick and pungent smoke of the dymokuries,* which affords protection from these

* These dymokuries are large heaps of fallen leaves, moss, and damp wood; the thick smoke which comes

* Dr. Kyber had frequent opportunities of examining these supposed heads and claws of a bird, and believes them to be the remains of a species of rhinoceros.

† According to this tradition, their ancestor was a Tartar, named Sachalar, who came from his own country on the other side of the mountains, to Kirenga on the Lena, where he settled and married a Tungusian woman; the Jakuti still call themselves Sachalary.

tormentors. But as every thing in nature has a beneficial purpose, and all disadvantages are compensated by some good, these insects render an essential service to the inhabitants, by forcing the rein-deer to leave the forests, and to take refuge in the cold open plains near the sea. This they commonly do in troops of many hundreds, or even thousands; the hunters then lie in wait for them, especially as they cross the rivers and lakes, and kill numbers without difficulty. The mosquitoes render also another service in preventing the horses from straying away in the vast plains, where they feed without keepers. Their natural instinct teaches them to keep near the *dymokuries*, which protect them from their enemies. One sees them grazing on the lee-side of these glittering heaps, in the cover of the smoke. When the pasture is fed off, the smoke-heaps are established in a fresh place. They are generally enclosed by a slight fence, to prevent the horses from coming too near the fire. In summer the rolling of thunder-storms can be heard in the mountains, but they have little influence on the great plains. Winter, properly so called, prevails during nine months of the year. In October the cold is somewhat mitigated by thick fogs, and by the vapour rising from the freezing sea; but in November the great cold begins, and in January increases to 65°. Then breathing becomes difficult; the wild rein-deer, that citizen of the polar region, withdraws to the deepest thicket of the forest, and stands there motionless, as if deprived of life. The night of fifty-two revolutions of the earth is relieved by the strong refraction, and by the whitened surface of the snow, as well as by frequent auroras. On the 28th of December a pale twilight begins to be visible at noon, but is not sufficient to dim the stars. As the sun returns, the cold becomes even more sensible, and the intensity of frost, which accompanies the rising of the sun in February and March, is especially penetrating. Perfectly clear days are extremely rare in winter, because the sea-winds, which always prevail, bring with them continual vapours and fogs, which are sometimes so intense as wholly to conceal the stars of the deep blue polar sky. These thick fogs are called *Morrok*. They prevail least in September. There is a remarkable phenomenon known here by the name of *Teplot Weter* (the warm wind), blowing from the south-east by south; it sometimes begins suddenly, when the sky is quite clear, and in the middle of winter raises the temperature, in a short time, from -47° to +35°; so that the plates of ice, which are the substitute for glass in the windows, begin to melt; in the valleys of the *Anin*, the warm wind is frequently felt; its influence does not extend to the west of Cape *Tschukotskoj*. It is seldom of longer continuance than twenty-four hours. Though, from all that has been said, the climate is one of the most severe and unkindly; yet it must be owned that it is not, on the whole, prejudicial to health.

"The poverty of vegetation is strongly contrasted with the rich abundance of animal life. Countless herds of reindeer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and grey squirrels, fill the upland forests; stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds. Enormous flights of swans, geese, and ducks, arrive in spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety. Eagles, owls, and gulls,

from them drives away the mosquitoes; they are placed both in the pastures and near the houses, so that the inhabitants pass the whole mosquito season in a constant cloud of thick and pungent smoke."

pursue their prey along the sea-coast; ptarmigan run in troops amongst the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks, and in the morasses; the social crows seek the neighbourhood of men's habitations; and, when the sun shines in spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and in autumn, that of the thrush.* Yet all this manifold life cannot alleviate the dreariness of the desert, or repress the thought, that here is the limit of the animated world. The animals either visit or inhabit these icy deserts in obedience to the unerring laws of instinct; they have no choice to exercise. But what induced man to fix himself in this dreary region? I speak not of the few Russians, whose stay for a limited period is determined by the hope of gain, but of the tribes who came here without such motive, and who now dwell in these countries. Nomade races, under milder skies, wander from one fruitful region to another, gradually forget the land of their birth, and prefer a new home. But here there is nothing to invite. Endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon. Nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter. Life is a continual conflict with privation, and with the terrors of cold and hunger. What led men to forsake more favoured lands for this grave of nature, which contains only the bones of an earlier world? It is in vain to ask the question of the inhabitants, who are incessantly occupied with the necessities of the present hour, and amongst whom no traditions preserve the memory of the past. Nothing definite is known concerning the inhabitants even at the not very remote epoch of the conquest of Siberia by the Russians. I have indeed heard an obscure saying, 'That there were once more hearths of the *Omoki* on the shores of the *Kolyma*, than there are stars in the clear sky'; there are also remains of forts, formed of trunks of trees, and tumuli; the latter especially near the *Indigirka*; both may be supposed to have belonged to these *Omoki*, who have now disappeared. From the little I could gather on the subject, it would seem that the *Omoki* were a numerous and powerful people; that they were not nomades, but lived in settlements along the rivers, and supported themselves by fishing and hunting. Another numerous tribe, the *Tschukotschi*, or *Tschuktschi*, appear to have wandered over the *Tundra* with their herds of reindeer; they have left their names to features of the country; as for example, the *Malaja*, and *Bolschaja Tschukotscha*, the greater and the lesser *Tschukotschi* rivers. Both races have disappeared; the *Omoki* have probably perished by want and sickness, and the *Tschuktschi* have partly wandered away, and partly become confounded amongst new arrivals, and form with them the present scanty population of the country. In the whole *Kolyma* circle there are now 325 Russian peasants, citizens, and Cossacks, 1034 *Jakuti*, 1139 *Jukahiri*, and other races; in all 2498 males, of whom 2173 pay *jassak*. The *jassak*, or tribute, consists of 803 foxes and 28 sables (which may be estimated at 6704 roubles), and 10,847 roubles in money, making on an average about eight roubles to be paid by every male of the *Jakuti*, and other tribes. * * * Spring

* According to the observations of Dr. Kyber, the only birds which winter here are the ptarmigan, the common crow, the bald eagle, and the snowy owl. The snow-bunting and the Kamtschatkan thrush (*Motacilla caligata*) appear early in April. The lapwing, common snipe, and ring-plover, arrive later; and in May, swans, four kinds of geese, and eleven kinds of ducks, make their appearance."

is, on the *Kolyma*, the severest season of the year; the provisions which were laid up in summer and autumn have been consumed in the long winter; the fish, which had withdrawn into the deepest parts of the rivers and lakes, during the intense cold, have not yet reappeared. The dogs are often too much exhausted by the winter work, and insufficient food, to be fit for chasing the reindeer and elk over the vast, the last favourable opportunity which the early spring affords. A few ptarmigan are snared, but they are quite insufficient to satisfy the general want. *Tungusi* and *Jukahiri* come in parties from the *Tundra*, and from the *Anin*, to the Russian villages on the *Kolyma*, to escape starvation. One sees them, like wandering phantoms, pale, without strength, scarcely able to walk; they throw themselves greedily on any remains of bones, skin, or aught else which may in any way alleviate the pangs of hunger; but there is little comfort for them in the villages, where want reigns likewise; the inhabitants are obliged to have recourse to the small remains of the provisions designed for their dogs, many of which are often starved in consequence."

The dogs are of infinite service in these wild regions, and the stories of them are often marvellous:—

"Of all the animals that live in the high northern latitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the islands of the South Sea where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals in draught. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the *Obi* to *Behring's Straits*, in *Greenland*, *Kamtschatka*, and in the *Kurile Islands*, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and with goods, and for considerable journeys. The dogs have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, and some have curly hair; their colour is various—black, brown, reddish-brown, white and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven and a half inches in height, and three feet three-quarters of an inch in length (English measure). Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the mosquitoes; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best-trained dogs are used as leaders, and as the quick and steady going of the team,

"When the warmth of the sun in spring thaws the surface of the snow, it freezes again at night, and forms a thin crust of ice, which is just strong enough to bear a light sledge with its team of dogs. This state of the snow is called *nast*. The hunters profit by it to pursue the elks and reindeer by night; and as the weight of these animals causes them to break through, they fall as easy prey. The *nast* continues to form during a longer or shorter period, according to the more or less sheltered locality, and according to the thickness of the snow. It is not formed every year. During the whole time of our stay there was no *nast* in the district."

usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education; so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. In travelling across the wide tundra, in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering powarna, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it he will suddenly stop, and indicate, significantly, the spot where his master must dig. Nor are the dogs without their use in summer; they tow the boats up the rivers; and it is curious to observe how instantly they obey their master's voice, either in halting or in changing the bank of the river. On hearing his call they plunge into the water, draw the towing-line after them, and swim after the boat to the opposite shore; and, on reaching it, replace themselves in order, and wait the command to go on. Sometimes even those who have no horses will use the dogs in fowling excursions, to draw their light boats from one lake or river to another. In short, the dog is fully as useful and indispensable a domestic animal to the settled inhabitant of this country, as the tame rein-deer is to the nomade tribes. They regard it as such.* We saw a remarkable instance of this during the terrible sickness which, in the year 1821, carried off the greater part of these useful animals. An unfortunate Juhakir family had only two dogs left out of twenty, and these were just born, and indeed still blind. The mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir determined on nursing the two puppies with her own child, rather than lose the last remains of their former wealth. She did so, and was rewarded for it, for her two nurselings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs. In the year 1822, when most of the inhabitants had lost their dogs by the sickness, they were in a most melancholy condition; they had to draw home their own fuel; and both time and strength failed them in bringing home the fish which had been caught in distant places; moreover, whilst thus occupied, the season passed for fowling and fur-hunting; and a general and severe famine, in which numbers perished, was the consequence. Horses cannot be made a substitute; the severity of the climate, and the shortness of the summer, make it impossible to

provide sufficient fodder; the light dog can also move quickly over the deep snow, in which the heavy horse would sink. Having thus described the out-of-door life and employments of the people of this district, let us accompany an individual into his habitation, at the close of summer, when he and his family rest from all these laborious efforts, and enjoy life after their manner. The walls are caulked afresh with moss, and new plastered with clay, and a solid mound of earth is heaped up on the outside as high as the windows. This is accomplished before December, when the long winter nights assemble the members of the family around the hearth. The light of the fire, and that of one or more train-oil lamps, are seen through the ice-windows; and from the low chimneys rise high columns of red smoke, with magnificent jets of sparks, occasioned by the resinous nature of the wood. The dogs are outside, either on or burrowed in the snow. From time to time their howling interrupts the general silence; it is so loud as to be heard at great distances, and is repeated at intervals, usually of six or eight hours, except when the moon shines, when it is much more frequent."

The Quiet Husband. By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of the "The Merchant's Daughter," "The Prince and the Pedlar," "Nan Darrell," "The Fright," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Boone.

WE always welcome a novel from this pen, feeling certain of being entertained, and of having but little to criticise (we mean in the harsh sense of that word—finding fault). Sketching from nature is the authoress's forte, and she wisely adheres to it—it is a wide field, and its subjects can never be exhausted.

Eminently feminine, we trace the woman in every page. The quick eye and clear intellect to observe, and the ready pen to convey to others in a pleasant manner the impressions received, are the gifts of which Miss Pickering makes such good use. The story is domestic, and the locality confined. A few families, of various natures and habits, form the principal *dramatis personæ*; and the *dénouement*, although expected, is delayed by so many *contre-temps*, that the reader's interest never flags. The heroine, the orphan of a ruined father, is received into the bosom of a warm-hearted and generous family. We select her for our first extract:—

"Cecil's mind was stronger than the frame in which it dwelt; and yet it preyed upon that frame, rendering it weaker and weaker; but this was not to be permitted unrebuked. Her severe and sudden losses, her delicate health, and the months spent in retirement, had strongly impressed on her mind the instability of human life and human happiness; suffering had been a bitter but a useful medicine, bringing to the mind a more healthful tone, though it left a paleness on her cheek. In her prosperity young, rich, and beautiful; courted, followed, flattered;—in the full flow of youthful spirits, she had never dreamed of suffering, but thought to pass through life sportive and happy—a flower flung upon the stream of fortune, borne by the current between lovely banks into a peaceful haven, without an effort of her own; and though naturally endowed with strong and generous affections, with gentle pity, and with noble sympathies; yet still, unknown to herself (for she knew little then of the heart's deceitfulness), pride and presumption had mingled with her higher qualities, marring the beauty of her character. In her poverty she had better learnt to know herself, her duties, and her faults.

She no longer considered happiness as hers of right; and if she still wept when sorrow came, it was in sadness and submission, not in rebellious passion. She had looked more narrowly into the situation of those around her; no longer a spoiled child and flattered heiress, she now saw herself but a unit in one mighty total; and instead of expecting that all should run according to her pleasure (she standing above grief the while, untouched by suffering), she admitted that her fate must be twined in with that of others;—millions of atoms blending in one gigantic whole—none holding on its course alone; but each and all tending to one end;—on earth the grave—beyond an immortality of bliss or woe. She was no longer an object of envy, above the pity of those around her; she had suffered—had needed that pity; and had found it. The lot of man was suffering; and as she had met with pity, so must she pity others. She had no right to withdraw from the active duties of life, and pine away in lonely misery, because the golden visions of her youth had all departed. She had no right to yield to grief unchecked; she felt with the noble Elliot 'that sorrow was selfish,' if it rendered her less willing, or less able to succour others; selfish to man, ungrateful to her Maker. She was not placed on earth only to eat, and drink, and sleep, and sport away a life as insects sport away a sunny hour; she had higher powers—was called to higher duties;—she had comparatively little left—but that little must not be wasted in impotent repining. Such were the lessons taught to Cecil by her losses, but as yet she had not learnt them fully; she felt their wisdom, but they were not always the rule of her actions, and at times she would long, with a wild and passionate longing, to be with those who had gone before—to rest in the silent grave where sorrow was not known; and then she would bow her head in shame at this impatience at her lot, a lot still so full of blessings."

The wayward Robert Ashton is cleverly portrayed; his is an uncommon, but not unnatural character. The old Bailiff Flinter is also a capital sketch; we find it difficult to give an idea of him by quotation, as he only appears occasionally on the scene, and then but for a short while:—

"You are just the person I want to speak with, Flinter," said Mrs. Ashton, meeting him unlookingly before his ill-humour had passed away. "Well, ma'am, and what do you please to want with me?" inquired Flinter, drawing up of a sudden, for, blinded by his displeasure, he had nearly walked over his mistress without perceiving her, looking more stiff and unconvivial than ever. "I want to know what you have done about Purcell's pigs?" "Threatened to put them in the pound, ma'am." "You threatened that long since, why have you not done it?" "Cause I can't catch them in the turnits, ma'am." "You don't keep a sharp look-out." "If others kept as sharp a look-out about other things, things would go better, ma'am." "I don't know what you mean by that, Flinter, unless that your master never looks into any thing." "I did not mean nothing at all about master, ma'am." "It does not matter what you mean. But have you been to see the harrow at Mrs. Praed's?" "No, ma'am." "And why don't you go?" "I spoke to you about it more than six months ago." "I ha'n't got time, ma'am." "Not time! I should like to know what you find to do." "Every body is busy at this election now, ma'am." "Election! What have you to do with the election? The fact is, you don't

* It was once unwisely proposed to forbid the keeping of dogs, on account of the quantity of fish required for their support which is thus withdrawn from the food of the inhabitants. Each sledge, of twelve dogs, requires daily from fifty to seventy herrings. But, if this measure had been adopted, so far from increasing the quantity of food at the command of the inhabitants, it would have deprived them of one of their chief means of procuring subsistence, as was most clearly proved at the time of the great mortality amongst the dogs in 1821 and 1823. This highly injudicious proposal was happily rejected by the government."

choose to go.' 'Yes, that is just it; you have hit upon it, ma'am.' 'I thought as much, though you ought to be ashamed to own it. You are the most bigoted, obstinate person I know! I don't doubt your honesty.' 'Doubt my honesty, ma'am? I should think not indeed! No one ever yet doubted Thomas Flinter's honesty,' exclaimed the sturdy bailiff flaming out into open passion. 'If you doubt it, ma'am, I'll go—that's all.' 'Nonsense, Flinter; I said that I did not doubt it,' replied Mrs. Ashton, who was always a little alarmed by his threats of going, knowing that the whole family would in such a case take part against her. 'It is very provoking that you never will try a new thing, only because it is new, when I take such pride and pleasure in the farm, and wish to see it the best managed in the country.' 'Well, ma'am, and so it is; expense considered, it pays better than any for thirty miles round. And I don't like new things, that is for certain; more especially that Fab-nab-washerwoman, as you was a-telling me about the other day.' 'Well, I won't ask you to use that,' observed Mrs. Ashton with a heightened colour, fearful lest Flinter should find out the fact that the highly lauded *Pferdknabwasserung* was a hoax, shrewdly suspected to have been planned, if not executed, by Robert. 'I won't say any thing more about it.' 'Perhaps that might be as well, ma'am; but you knows best,' replied Flinter, with a look which still further heightened her ruddy bloom. The blunt and taciturn bailiff had much more penetration than people gave him credit for. 'I have been reading a book lately written by a very clever man about soils, and the crops that suit them best; and I have decided that Tiler's field shall be put into wheat next year,' continued Mrs. Ashton, taking no notice of the bailiff's comment, and speaking fast to cover her confusion. 'You have it in barley now, which is wasting its goodness. Remember what a capital crop of wheat you had there last year; and do try wheat again this next.' 'Wheat arter barley! and wheat the year afore! Who ever heard of such a thing?' almost shouted the bailiff, plunging his knotted stick some inches into the earth in the energy of his disgust and anger, drawing his feet together, and standing stiff and starch, with head erect, like an awkward recruit at drill. 'It may be a very good plan, though you have not heard of it; for you never read any farming books.' 'Larn farming from reading, ma'am!' exclaimed Flinter contemptuously. 'Yes, much may be learned from reading; and, at any rate, I insist on Tiler's field being tried in wheat next year.' 'I could not in my conscience, ma'am; it would be a robbing of master, and I could not venture to shew my face among the farmers—they would so jeer.' 'Nonsense, Flinter, I will listen to no more folly. You can say I ordered it.' 'You ordered it! Well then, ma'am, it comes to this—be you to manage the farm, or be I? If I, then it sha'n't be wheat next year—that's poz; if you, then I'll go and wish master and the family good-by directly: for I won't stay where I can be of no use, receiving wages for nothing—that would not be honest. Lord Fitz Elwyn will take me any day, and jump to have me too—I knows that.' 'You are so hot and headstrong, there is no getting you to listen to reason,' observed Mrs. Ashton, excessively provoked; and yet afraid to persist in having Tiler's field cropped as she wished. 'There is no reason in having wheat arter barley; and no reasonable person would say so.' 'It is of no use disputing the point, you are so obstinate, and always will have your

own way,' said Mrs. Ashton, walking off in great vexation."

We cannot quite agree with our fair writer's notion of the courtesy of election rivals to each other, but such things *may be*, though certainly rare. We have but few faults to find, and these only affect slight specks. The introduction of the rich old uncle in disguise is unnecessary, and a hackneyed incident. The sudden silence of Willerton, also, in his last love affair, though requisite for the plot's sake, is not in keeping with the previous portions of his character. We mention trifling blemishes like these, because we are convinced that the authoress has talent enough to bring about effects without straining causes. We cannot resist one little bit more of old Flinter, with which we close our notice of these agreeable volumes, and with which they also close:—

"Oh! Flinter, you are acquiring a dangerous taste for novelties; the next thing you will be trying the Fab-nab-washerwoman, that you were talking to me about." 'Ah! my lord; that Fab-nab-washerwoman was a famous thing for me,' exclaimed the honest bailiff, every show of embarrassment gone, and his little eyes twinkling with mischievous triumph. 'It has turned out a hum, as I always said it would; and let missus be teasing ever so bad, I have only to ax her about that, and she is quiet directly, and lets me do every thing as I like; and so now when I knows how I can stop her, I lets her go on the longer, for missus is a good woman in the main, if she would but leave me and the farm alone. She have a'most kept the Purcells ever since he broke his arm; and the pigs don't go in the turmits now. Yes, yes; that Fab-nab-washerwoman was a famous thing for me.'

Glencoe; or, the Fate of the Macdonalds. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. London, 1840. Moxon.

THE domestic and social massacre of Glencoe does not appear to us to be a good subject for the drama. Multitudinous murder has no striking or salient point for the tragic muse, which must select its individual objects, and on them lavish the arts of awe, pathos, and horror. A sanguinary riot in the crowded streets is appalling, but it is not fit for a painting; but take one or two individuals, and expose them to peril and assassination, and your action is distinct, your canvass effective. Sterne judiciously shut up his single captive in his dungeon—that lone sufferer appeals more forcibly to the imagination than all the prisoners of war at Verdun, however severe their endurance and calamitous their fate.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd had too strong a feeling of this truth to endeavour to found his tragedy on the dismal catastrophe of Glencoe alone; the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children—the aged chief, the manly warrior, the rising stripling, the helpless virgin, the suckling mother, and the infant at the breast. Such monstrous deeds may of necessity form the records of history, whilst nature recoils at them; but the poet, especially the dramatic poet, could make but poor use of such materials, and must leave them, unwrought upon, in their own dark and bloody lineaments. To obviate his difficulty, the author has invented several characters, and placed them in circumstances which are affected by those of the real event. Thus Halbert, the son of a Macdonald who had been slain in a contest for the chieftainship of the clan by Mac Ian, its now acknowledged head, is represented as having resigned the ambitious pretension of his

family in consequence of a supernatural warning, and retired into a moody seclusion with his widowed mother, who fosters Helen Campbell, a niece of Glenlyon, under whose orders this fiendish work was perpetrated. He also converts into an instrument in his hands Henry, a younger brother of Halbert, who has left his native glen to push his fortunes, and returns a gay and gallant officer in the regiment of Argyle, commanded by Glenlyon.

In portraying these personages, Mr. Talfourd seems to us to have been eminently happy in his conception and execution of Halbert, successful with Helen, and more happy in the conception than in the execution of Henry. Halbert is very fine. His aspirations have been crushed, and he nurses his regrets in the deep and lonely solitudes of Glencoe;—that glen, where every rock and every mountain, every ravine and every corrie, the headlong torrent and the o'ershadowed loch, have a voice to inspire thoughts of melancholy and sublimity—where a soul becomes a mighty blank expanded to the impression of some other and uncontrollable passion. That passion is the love of Helen, at once so fervent and so natural, that he confides in its return as a thing of certain destiny, and never questions its reality, nor seeks to ascertain its mutual existence, from the mouth of her who holds him in such matchless bondage. This is the love, not of silken society, which would flirt with and "propose," but the profounder sentiment inspired in a noble breast, depressed by evil prophecies, having but one hope, and every feeling exalted by the romantic and wonderful scenery in which they are indulged and cherished. That Helen should yield to the mastering of this spirit is also perfectly in nature, though her younger affections are bestowed upon her childish companion Henry. With Henry we are not so well satisfied; but much may be said on both sides, and we are not disposed to enter upon the nice inquiry, why or why not, in Helen's mind, the ruffling soldier should be preferred to his glorious brother? On maiden fancies, lightness and gallantry may possess claims superior to abstraction and a semblance of austerity; and a Campbell was not so likely as a Macdonald to abjure the suitor because he had been induced to join the hostile ranks of the new king William.

Under these considerations we not only acknowledge the poetical beauties scattered through this play, but the general truth which invests its characters and conduct. Even in the quarrels of the brothers, which seem at first to be carried to an extreme of rashness and inconsistency, we can find some apology, from the hot-bloodedness and disregard of life which belonged to the time. And so of other points in the composition which might be obnoxious to criticism, but which could not be fairly criticised without going more at length into the *pros* and *cons* than we have room for in our pages.

We have, therefore, only to select a few quotations to shew that true poetry is as prevalent in *Glencoe* as in any of the author's preceding productions:—

There's not a day but bears
Its blessing on its light. If Nature dotes
Her gifts with sparing hand, their rareness sheds
Endearments her most bounteous mood withhold
From greenest valleys. The pure rill which casts
Its thread of snow-like lustre o'er the rock,
Which seems to pierce the azure sky, connects
The thoughts of earth with heaven, while mightier
floods
Roar of dark passions. The rare sunbeam wins
For a most slight existence human care,
While it invests some marble heap with gleams
Of palaced visions. If the tufts of broom
Whence Fancy weaves a chain of gold, appear

On nearer visitation thinly strewn,
Each looks a separate bow, and offers shade
To its own group of fairies. The prized harebell
Wastes not its dawning azure on a bank
Rough and confused with loveliness, but wears
The modest story of its gentle life.
On leaves that love has tended; nay, the heath,
Which, slowly from a stunted root, unfolds
Pale lilac blossoms,—image of a maid
Heard in a solitude like this,—is bless'd,
Instead of sharing with a million flowers
One radiant flush,—in offering its faint bloom
To fond eyes. Say not again, dear lady,
That joy but seldom visits these old walls.

Halbert. You shall hear me while I speak
Of that which nearly touches you, as one
Of a small—branded—poor—illustrious race;
Who boast no fertile pastures; no broad lake
Studded with island woods, which make the soul
Effeminate with richness, like the scenes
In which the baffled Campbells hid their shame,
And scorn'd their distant foes. Our boasts are few,
Yet great:—a stream which thunders from its throne,
As when its roar was mingled with the voice
Of eldest song, from age to age retain'd
In human hearts;—wild myrths which preserve
Their hoard of perfume for the dying hour
When rudeness crushes them:—rocks which no flowers
Of earth adorn, but, in themselves austere,
Receive The Beautiful direct from Heaven,
Which forces them to wear it,—hews their tops
Refined with air; compels their darkest steep
Reluctant to reflect the noontide sun
In sheeted splendour—wreathes around them clouds
In glorious retinue, which, while they float
Slowly, or rest beneath the sable heights,
In their brief darkness glow proud
To wait upon The Lasting—And the right
To walk this glen with head erect, you sold
For bounties which Argyle could offer!

Helen. Not forgotten,
Nor have the years been heavy: when I said so,
I was most thoughtless. Pardon me, sweet lady,
But when with them I recollect times,
I look across the intervening years
As a low vale in which fair pastures lie
Unseen, to gaze upon a sunlit bank
On which my childhood sported, and which grows
Near as I watch it. If his nature seems
Unsoften'd by reflection,—like a rock
Which draws no nurture from the rains, nor drinks
The sunbeam in that lights it, yet sustains
A plume of heather,—it is crown'd with grace
Which wins the heart it shelters.

Helen. Yes;
I then had kept such watch upon my soul,
As had not let the shadow of a thought
Fall on your image there; but not a word
Of courtship pass'd between us.

Halbert. Not a word.
Words are for lighter loves, that spread their films
Of glossy threads, which, while the air's serene,
Hang gracefully, and sparkle in the sun
Of fortune, or the smiles of fortune bestow.
Which moonlight fancy sheds; but ours—yes, ours—
Was woven with the toughest yarn of life,
For it was blended with the noblest things
We lived for; with the majesties of old,
The sable train of mighty griefs or aches;
By Time's deep shadows; with the fate of kings,—
A glorious dynasty—for ever crush'd
With the great sentiments which made them strong
In the affections of mankind:—with grief
For rock-enthroned Scotland; with poor fortune
Shared cheerfully; with high resolves; with thoughts
Of death; and with the hopes that cannot die.

Helen. Hold! If you rend oblivion's slender veil
Thus fearfully, and spectres of the past
Glide o'er my startled spirit, it will fall
In reason.

Halbert. No;—it shall cast off this cloud,
And retain no impression save of things
Which last for ever; for to such our love
Has been allied. How often have we stood,
Chap'd on yon terrace by columnar rocks,
Upon whose jagged orifice the sky
With its few shaggy pillars, and have felt
Our earthly fortresses, bounded like the gorge
That held us, had an avenue beyond,
Like that we gazed on; and when summer eve
Has tempted us to wander on the bank
Of glory-tinged Loch Leven, till the sea
Open'd beyond the mountains, and the thoughts
Of limitless expanse were render'd sweet
By crowding memories of delicious hours
Sooth'd by its murmur, we have own'd and bless'd
The presence of Eternity and Home!

Helen. What shall I do?"

Works of Sir E. L. Bulwer. London, 1840.
Saunders and Otley.

SINCE we reviewed the first volume of this collection of Sir Edward Bulwer's productions,

Ernest Maltravers, and its sequel, *Alice, or the Mysteries*, have appeared. Both bear evidence to the corrective judgment and improving hand of the author, and are charmingly illustrated by G. Cattermole, Stephanoff, and Von Holst. In 1837 and 1838 the *Literary Gazette* bore its testimony to the merits of these fine works of fiction, and it would be absurd to repeat them now. Our high estimation of the author's powers has often been put on record, and future times will do justice to them, notwithstanding the spirit of depreciation with which they have been treated by too many of his countrymen and contemporaries, which it has also been our painful duty repeatedly to notice and lament.

The preface to this new edition of *Ernest Maltravers* explains so clearly the objects of the writer, and gives so interesting a glance at his publications, that we cannot do better than extract part of it for the edification of our readers:—

"However numerous the works of fiction with which, my dear reader, I have trespassed upon your attention, I have published but three, of any account, in which the plot has been cast amidst the events, and coloured by the manner, of our own times. The first of these, 'Pelham,' composed when I was little more than a boy, has the faults, and perhaps the merits, natural to a very early age,—when the novelty itself of life quickens the observation,—when we see distinctly, and represent vividly, what lies upon the surface of the world,—and when, half sympathising with the follies we satirise, there is a gusto in our paintings which atones for their exaggeration. As we grow older we observe less, we reflect more; and, like Frankenstein, we dissect in order to create. The second novel of the present day,* which, after an interval of some years, I submitted to the world, was one I now, for the first time, acknowledge, and which (revised and corrected) will be included in this series, viz. 'Godolphin';—a work devoted to a particular portion of society, and the development of a peculiar class of character. The third, which I now reprint, is 'Ernest Maltravers,' including the sequel, which goes by the title of 'Alice, or the Mysteries'; for the commencement and the sequel compose but one novel,—the most mature, and on the whole, the most comprehensive, of all that I have hitherto written. For the original idea, which, with humility, I will venture to call the philosophical design, of a moral education or apprenticeship, I have left it easy to be seen that I am indebted to Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.' But, in 'Wilhelm Meister,' the apprenticeship is rather that of theoretical art. In the more homely plan that I set before myself, the apprenticeship is rather that of practical life. And, with this view, it has been especially my study to avoid all those attractions lawful in romance, or tales of pure humour or unbridled fancy,—attractions that, in the language of reviewers, are styled under the head of 'most striking descriptions,' 'scenes of extraordinary power,' &c.; and are derived from violent contrasts and exaggerations pushed into caricature. It has been my aim to subdue and tone down the persons introduced, and the general agencies of the narrative, into the lights and shadows of life as it is. I do not mean by 'life as it is,' the vulgar and the outward life alone, but life in its spiritual and mystic, as well as its more visible and fleshy, characteristics. The idea of not only describing, but de-

veloping character under the ripening influences of time and circumstance, is not confined to the apprenticeship of Maltravers alone, but pervades the progress of Cesarini, Ferrers, and Alice Darvil. The original conception of Alice is taken from real life—from a person I never saw but twice, and then she was no longer young—but whose history made on me a deep impression. Her early ignorance and home—her first love—the strange and affecting fidelity that she maintained, in spite of new ties—her final re-meeting, almost in middle age, with one lost and adored almost in childhood—all this, as shewn in the novel, is but the imperfect transcript of the true adventures of a living woman. In regard to Maltravers himself, I must own that I have but inadequately struggled against the great and obvious difficulty of representing an author living in our own times, with those supposed works or alleged genius, and those of any one actually existing, the reader can establish no identification, and he is therefore either compelled constantly to humour the delusion by keeping his imagination on the stretch, or lazily driven to confound the author in the book with the author of the book.* But I own, also, I fancied while aware of this objection, and in spite of it, that so much not hitherto said might be said with advantage through the lips or in the life of an imaginary writer of our own time, that I was contented, on the whole, either to task the imagination, or submit to the suspicions of the reader. All that my own egotism appropriates in the book are some occasional remarks, the natural result of practical experience. With the life or the character, the adventures or the humours, the errors or the good qualities, of Maltravers himself, I have nothing to do, except as the narrator and inventor.

Vols. III. and IV. *Godolphin*, and *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, by the same.

Godolphin has been greatly improved by the correcting hand of its now acknowledged author; and the fourth volume of this series is rendered most welcome to us, by the announcement that Sir Edward Bulwer has made an arrangement with the publishers who held copyrights in some of his works, by which he will be enabled to unite them all—"Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Pelham," "The Disowned," and "Devereux"—in this new, handsome, and cheap edition. Whatever success has hitherto attended it will, we are sure, be largely increased by the knowledge of this fact; and we congratulate the public on the means thus offered of possessing so noble an example of what one man's genius (and that man yet young in life) can produce for the delight of readers, and his own and his country's literary renown. The embellishments of these volumes are worthy of Cattermole, Maclise, and Creswick.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Shaw, F.S.A. Imperial 8vo. Part I. London, 1840. Pickering. THIS is, without exception, one of the most beautiful, and at the same time the cheapest, of the publications illustrative of the costume and manners of our forefathers in the middle ages, that has yet appeared. Each number will con-

* "In some foreign journal I have been much amused by a credulity of this latter description, and seen the various adventures of Mr. Maltravers gravely appropriated to the embellishment of my own quiet life, including the attachment to the original of poor Alice Darvil; who now, by the way, must be at least seventy years of age, with a grandchild nearly as old as myself."

* "For 'The Disowned' is cast in the time of our grandfathers, and 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine' has nothing to do with actual life, and is not, therefore, to be called a novel."

tain four plates, which are tastefully coloured in imitation of the illuminated manuscripts, or other ancient monuments, from which they are taken, and present charming specimens of ancient art. The text is embellished with a profusion of woodcuts, many of them richly printed in colours, and all conducing to the same object—the pictorial illustration of costume, history, and art. The plates in the first number are a fancy title, taken from a manuscript in the British Museum; a full-length portrait of the celebrated Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, from a contemporary illuminated manuscript; two beautiful emblematical figures of Old Age and Poverty, from the famous Harleian manuscript of "The Romance of the Rose"; and a fine view of the interior of a room, exhibiting different articles of furniture, &c., from a Dutch painting. The letterpress also is full of interesting information, given in a light and attractive form; and, besides its use to almost every class of literary men and artists, this book of "Dresses and Decorations" will form an admirable ornament to the drawing-room table. We have no doubt that it will have the extensive sale which will be necessary to defray the great expense which must be required to carry on the work in the style which distinguishes the first part.

Treatise on Sheep and Wool, &c., by T. Southey, Wool-broker. 8vo, pp. 118. (London, Smith and Elder; Tegg; Cross.)—Practical advice to the flock-masters of Australia, Tasmania, and Southern Africa, for the improvement of their wool; a staple of great value, in which the pasturage, breed, washing, shearing, &c. &c., are all skillfully treated of. Mr. Southey, however, goes further; and, in our opinion, most judiciously recommends the introduction of the goat, the alpaca, and other dangerous animals, into these colonies.

Hope On! Hope Ever! a Tale, by Mary Howitt. Pp. 220. (London, Tegg.)—A various and instructive little tale, in which both rural and town feelings and manners are illustrated for good moral ends.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The rewards adjudged by the Society during the present session were on Monday distributed, at the Society's house, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President.—The interest of the proceedings was much added to by the presentation of a gold medal to Arthur Aikin, Esq., late Secretary to the Society, "for his long and eminent services, and for his valuable series of illustrations." His Royal Highness, previous to presenting this medal, adverted in the most complimentary manner to the masculine and powerful intellect of Mr. Aikin, to his unbounded scientific knowledge, to the prevailing urbanity of his disposition, and to the unremitted and assiduous manner in which he had performed his duties to the Society for a term exceeding three-and-twenty years. His Royal Highness, in giving the medal, declared that it afforded him the highest satisfaction in contemplating the business of the day, inasmuch as it completed a quarter of a century of his presidency.—Mr. Aikin, after receiving the highest honorary mark of the Society's approbation, returned his thanks for the same in a very grateful and unassuming manner. The Royal President, when eulogising the capacious mind of the ex-Secretary, spoke no more than the truth; and the writer of this article, who has had the happiness of knowing him intimately during the whole course of his connection with the Institution, can vouch, with many others, to the unlimited generosity of his nature and the systematic kindness of his heart. The rewards were then presented; want of space, as usual, prevents our giving more than those of the greatest interest, viz. :—

In Mechanics and other Practical Arts.

To Mr. James Hopkins, Globe Brewery, King's Row, Horsleydown, for his setter for a carriage, five guineas.

To Mr. William Stidolph, 17 Lower Belgrave Street, Eaton Square, for his frame for teaching the blind to write, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. James Reeve, 47 Upper Seymour Street, Somers Town, for his adjustable scaffold, the silver medal and 5*l*.

To Mr. J. Hick, jun. Bolton, Lancashire, for his expanding mandrel for turning-lathes, the silver medal.

To Mr. Robert M'Ewen, Glasgow, for his double-mercurial steam-gauge adapted to the purpose of a safe-valve for steam-engine boilers, the gold Isis medal.

To Lieut. Hills, R.N. Coast Guard Station, Lancing, for his machine for ascertaining the lee-way of a ship, the silver medal.

To Mr. J. Sperring, Duke Street, Bloomsbury, for his chair for an observatory, the silver medal and 20*l*.
To Mr. Lewis Thompson, 33 Paradise Street, Lambeth Walk, for his new and improved method of assaying gold, twenty guineas.

To Dr. O'Callaghan, 4th Dragoon Guards, for his apparatus for suspending injured limbs, the silver medal.

To Mr. Alfred Smea, Bank of England, for his chemo-mechanical galvanic battery, the gold Isis medal.

To Mr. C. A. Bruce, for discovering the indigenous tea-tracts, and successfully cultivating and preparing tea in the British possessions in India, the gold medal.

In the Fine Arts.

AMATEURS.—Copies.

To Master Thomas Woodbridge, 7 Trinidad Place, Liverpool Road, Islington, for a copy of a horse's head, embossed in copper, the silver Isis medal.

To Master Grant, 71 Cheapside, for a copy in water-colours of a landscape, the silver Isis medal.

To Miss Ellen Elen, 43 Royal Street, Regent's Park, for a copy in pencil of sheep, the silver palette.

To Miss Sarah Barnard, Belvidere Road, Lambeth, for a copy in chalk of a head, the silver palette.

Originals.

To Mr. G. E. Sinterich, 2 St Paul's Churchyard, for a water-colour drawing of horses, the silver medal.
To Miss Elizabeth Mole, Bury Road, Gosport, for five cameos, the silver medal.

ARTISTS.—Originals.

To Mr. John W. Papworth, 10 Caroline Street, Bedford Square, for a design for a naval monument, the gold Isis medal.

To Mr. Cuthbert Boddrick, 39 George Street, Kingston-upon-Hull, for a sketch of the Percy shrine in Beverley Minster, the silver medal.

To Mr. James Clarke Hook, 27 Chester Place, Kensington Cross, for two portraits in oil, the silver medal.

To Mr. George Wood, 65 Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, for a drawing in chalk from a bust, the silver palette.

To Mr. Frederick Lock, 50 Berners Street, for a drawing in chalk from a cast, the silver Isis medal.

To Master John Everett Millais, 23 Alfred Street, Bedford Square, for an historical composition in pencil, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. Henry Feldwick, 10 Southampton Place, Euston Square, for an engraving on wood, the silver Isis medal.

To Master G. Thomas, 12 Canterbury Row, Kensington, for a composition in sepia of figures, the silver palette.

To Mr. John Farthing Lynn, for a drawing in water-colours of still life, the silver palette.

To Mr. W. Day, 41 Camden Street, Camden Town, for a clay model of a group, the silver medal.

To Mr. Samuel Mole, jun., 17 Newman Street, for a clay model of a group, the silver medal.

His Royal Highness was in excellent spirits. All his good feeling towards the Institution was as much alive as ever; and after having nominated Prince Albert as a member, he quitted the chair, to the great regret of all present, especially to the acting members, that he does not more frequently occupy it.—The Society, as the worthy Secretary observed in his excellent and succinct preamble, not having of late years met with that generous encouragement as heretofore (in consequence of the many institutions which have been set on foot); and consequently not being enabled to deal with candidates with the liberal feeling which has ever characterised their proceedings; it cannot be too powerfully hinted, that nothing would more effectually tend to ensure its success than the occasional visits of its Royal President, whose emphatic words at the last anniversary dinner, when various pecuniary donations were announced, we have not forgotten:—"Come, come, we shall right the old ship at last!!!"

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, May 29th.—Mr. Brockedon, 'On some New Application of Caoutchouc.' This

was to the stopping of bottles, decanters, and other vessels, by means of a mould or form of felted wool covered with India rubber. Humboldt mentions in his researches, that the natives of South America use the material for stopping vessels. In that low latitude, the softness and elasticity of caoutchouc always remains; but in the winter of our climate it sets so hard, that, once placed in the bottle, and hardened there, it could not be withdrawn. This appeared to present an insuperable difficulty to the adoption of caoutchouc in England for the same purpose; but ingenuity and perseverance has succeeded in forming a plug of felted wool, and then covering the wool with a thin sheet or film of rubber, the hardening of the rubber never equalled the elasticity of the wool: and thus a light, elastic, and impermeable stopper, perfectly air-tight and durable, has been obtained. Mr. Brockedon gave interest to his relation of the difficulties he had encountered in carrying out his invention, by describing the preparation of the wool felted for his purpose, and in obtaining thin sheets of rubber. The former is now a beautiful manufacture. Threads of wool are bundled together in the form of a long rope, and then pulled until the fibres felt and consolidate to the degree of hardness required. This, for stoppers as a substitute for common corks, is left soft enough to remain cylindrical, and be pressed into the vessel. The stopper is shorter than a cork, and is placed in the bottle with much greater facility than by the present bottling process; for the stopper fitting, with slight pressure, perfectly air-tight, condenses the air in the neck of the bottle, and would spring out again, but that a small wire with a groove in it is first placed in the mouth of the bottle: the stopper is then pressed with the finger down in its place, and the air escapes through the groove in the wire. The wire is then withdrawn, and the stopper kept in its place by the pressure of the atmosphere as well as its adhesion to the neck of the bottle. So perfectly may the air be thus withdrawn, that not a particle shall remain in the bottle, and the mass will appear like a crystal. If the liquid be effervescent, a flat disk of metal is to be wired over the top of the stopper and the bottle. For stopping decanters, the wool rope is felted hard enough to be turned in a lathe into the conical form required: this is covered with the sheet rubber; and this stopper is, upon slight pressure, so air-tight, that the most delicate wines may be kept in perfect condition from day to day whilst a glass remains in the bottle. Some claret-drinkers, who do not drink a bottle a-day, will feel this to be a valuable discovery. Many of these stoppers were shewn, and their blackness, set off by the silver mounts, present a handsome appearance. These were manufactured by Mordan and Co., and the article may now, we believe, be bought by all silversmiths in correspondence with that respectable house. Another form of stopper was the overlaying of flat felt with a shell of rubber, and then cutting out circular pieces, which are placed in the metal disks. These are placed upon the mouths of the bottles, not in them, and then wired down. Those in use have been found to answer perfectly for quiet liquors. This form does not require a corkscrew: the stoppers placed in the bottle are withdrawn with a corkscrew, which enters the wool with more ease, and holds more firmly, than in a common cork. Many modes of forming the sheet rubber were described by cutting leaves or veneers from blocks of solid rubber, which had been formed by mastication in an engine

and then pressed into the form of the block. Of these vineers, 18 inches long and 9 wide, eight or nine weigh a pound, and cost five or six shillings; and Mr. Brockedon particularly recommended these for the purpose of covering pickle and preserve jars, as a substitute for the bladder usually employed—a foul and offensive animal matter liable to decay and destroy the things it was intended to preserve: the sheet of rubber, on the contrary, is pure and clean, and may, after washing in warm water, be again and again used. These sheets may be bought of the London Caoutchouc Company, in Lambrook Court, Basinghall Street, or any other manufacturers of India rubber. Other modes of obtaining sheet rubber for covering the stoppers were described, viz. by making solutions with naphtha and other solvents thin enough to cast on metal plates or on glass; and with a thicker solution by rolling out the dissolved rubber into sheets upon cloth previously wetted: when the rubber thus rolled out had sufficiently hardened by the evaporation of the solvent, it could be stripped from the cloth, and when free from any smell left by the solvent, it could be applied to covering the stoppers. It is extraordinary that an article thus manufactured in the wool—manufactured in the rubber, and then combined into the patent air-tight stopper, could be sold at a price per gross less than that of common corks; thus furnishing at less expense an easily applied, perfect, and durable stopper, not liable to decay, decomposition, or fracture, or to be eaten by insects. They are not in the least degree affected by or affect spirits, wine, beer, cider, and common drinks, since neither alcohol nor the vegetable acids have the slightest action upon India rubber. And as they, with slight pressure, close perfectly air-tight, decanters are saved, as well as wine preserved, by their use; for they fit more closely: they do not fix as glass stoppers do in the decanters. Thus we have another application, likely to become an extensive one, of this extraordinary substance, which within the memory of thousands was only known as a material which could be employed to erase the marks of blacklead pencils, is now essential to extensive manufactures of elastic webs and fabrics of waterproof cloths, and of many other important objects, to which its peculiar qualities have been applied.—Mr. Brockedon's lecture was followed by a short notice by Dr. Faraday of the new process of soldering with homogeneous metal by means of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, and its value was beautifully shewn in the construction of chemical and other vessels where voltaic action was guarded against by the uniform quality of the metal.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

MAY 21.—Hyde Clarke, Esq. F.L.S., in the chair.—After the transaction of the general business, Mr. James Sowerby read a short paper upon the distinguishing characters by which a plant may be known from an animal. Having detailed the constitution of minerals and animals, he remarked that the latter had within themselves the power of secreting the materials required for their growth, of producing the necessary change by respiration, and collecting crude materials in a stomach; that plants require the stimulus of light, and have no stomach; while animals have a nervous system which plants have not. He then stated that there are many organised beings which have motion, and, consequently, a nervous system, but which cannot live without light and have no stomach. These, he pro-

posed, should be placed in a new kingdom between plants and animals, in accordance with a suggestion lately made by Mr. Edwards to the Microscopic Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

VISCOUNT BRAYBROOKE in the chair.—Many fellows were elected. Visitors to the gardens and museum in May, 21,416; receipts during the same month, 598*l.* 6*s.* The decrease by death amongst the Society's monkeys has been in great part, if not altogether, made up by fresh presents and purchases. It appears quite evident that the Society must speedily vacate its premises in Leicester Square, as the building is declared unsafe!

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

At a meeting held on Monday evening last, T. Kay, Esq. V.P. in the chair, a very interesting collection of drawings of the palace at Whitehall were presented. If not by the hand of Inigo Jones himself, they were made by one of his assistants for the engraved work. It was suggested that the Council should apply to the Duke of Devonshire for permission to inspect his grace's fine collection of drawings by Jones, in order to obtain a knowledge of what drawings by him do exist.—Mr. Fowler called the attention of the meeting to the efforts that were being made to supersede the necessity of employing boys to sweep flues. Much can be done by architects in this respect; for it depends on the construction of the chimney to be cleaned whether or not machinery can be effectively employed.—A communication from Mr. Charles Parker, 'On the London Bed of Clay,' was read by the Secretary. After getting through this clay by boring, sand is arrived at, lying in a chalk basin containing water, on which water depends the supply of Artesian wells formed in the metropolis.—Mr. George Godwin, jun. then read a paper 'On the present State of the Art of Glass-painting in France and England,' wherein he drew attention to the want of encouragement afforded to its professors here; and called loudly on the Government and the Institute to lend their aid in furtherance of this beautiful art. After reviewing the works of the Mengs' school in England, Mr. Godwin pointed out what he considered to be the defects in works of the present time; and expressed a conviction that, to make stained glass appear to be any thing else than stained glass was not desirable. An error, as it appeared to the writer, was sometimes committed, in placing copies of the later Italian painters in buildings erected in the earlier pointed style,—it was now universally admitted that all portions of a building should be congruous, wherefore should the windows escape the general law? The writer then gave the history of the glass-painting establishment at Choisy-le-Roi, Paris, where much had been done by Mr. Jones, an Englishman; and terminated with an appeal in favour of the art. The paper excited much conversation, and will probably be of service to the cause it advocated.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, June 2, 1840.

SITTING of May 25.—An unpleasant discussion arose at the opening of this day's proceedings, relative to the advisability of immediately, or not, filling up the vacancy occasioned by the death of M. Poisson. M. Gay-Lussac, on behalf of the Section of Physicians, recommended a delay of six months. This was warmly opposed by M. Arago and M. C. Dupin; and the Academy ultimately decided,

by thirty to fifteen, that the election of a new member should take place at once. This incident has caused much party observation in some of the journals.

Earthquakes in the Pacific Ocean.—M. Arago, after reading a notice of some experiments by himself on optical interferences and coloured rings, laid before the Academy a letter from M. Damoulin, 'On Earthquakes and Volcanic Phenomena of the South Seas,' information relating to which had been collected by Captain Dumont d'Urville's present expedition, of which he formed part. The general coincidence of these occurrences with those in South America had been noted or observed. The 7th November, 1837, was the day when the town of Valdivra, on the coast of Chili, was overthrown by an earthquake; and on the same day, at Gambier's Islands, the French missionaries settled there observed a remarkable movement in the sea, of which they took note in their journal. A little before noon the sea rose rapidly; then, at the end of two or three minutes, began to recede, and after having attained the limit of the lowest equinoctial tides again began to rise. Ten such oscillations succeeded each other within four hours, and when the water retired for the tenth time it coincided exactly with the true time of low water. The oscillations were then no more perceived: it was remarked, however, that the coral reefs, which are hardly ever above the level of low-water mark, had been quite uncovered fourteen times that day. The natives of Gambier's Islands had often heard the noises which generally accompany earthquakes, but did not appear to have felt any actual shocks; the oscillations, however, of the sea had been frequently observed. Once the sea had risen thirty feet above high-water mark, and had covered all the low grounds. At Otaheite, and the adjacent islands, it was ascertained that the natives had felt earthquakes, but no precise dates had been noted. 'The Sandwich Islands' Magazine,' however, recorded some oscillations of the sea on the 8th November, 1837, with shocks of earthquakes, both on that and the preceding day, corresponding to the epoch of the shocks in Chili. The Navigators' Islands, M. Damoulin observed, were essentially volcanic; the westernmost of the group offering the most recent traces of eruption, though even these are of a remote period. Earthquakes are frequent in the groups, generally from east to west, accompanied by rumbling noises, and causing fissures in the earth. At the Vavas Islands, Mr. Brooks, an English missionary, said he had felt ten shocks in two years, the strongest being on September 15th, 1836. On the 8th November, 1837 (the day mentioned above), the oscillations of the sea were at intervals of ten minutes, and lasted thirty-six hours. In the Viti Islands no accounts had been preserved, but in November 1837 an extraordinary hurricane and high tide had occurred. Earthquakes are common there, and thermal sources are abundant. The Marianne Islands are stated to be subject to earthquakes, but the shocks do not correspond with those of Chili; they coincide with the movements of the Philippine Islands. Few documents, whereby the date of any of these events might be ascertained, were preserved there; but there was a great earthquake in the island of Rota in 1767 which raised the whole isle up, and another two years subsequently that restored it to its former level. M. Manuel, Catholic rector of the town of Umata, had observed ten earthquakes during 1838, but only

one of these was a sharp one; while, however, the French ships stayed there, two slight shocks were felt on 1st and 6th of January, 1839. All the instruments were in observation at the time, and nothing indicated any unusual state of the atmosphere: the needle of diurnal variation shook, but only from the commotion of the shock. The volcanic eruptions of Ascension Island (in the Pacific) coincide with those of the Marianne Islands; the subterranean noise preceding the shocks coming always from the north-east, and the fissures, when any are formed, being all perpendicular to that direction. In 1822, 1834, and 1835, the shocks were strong; in 1837 and 1838, they were both rare and weak. In 1825, the sea, after an apparent subsidence, returned with fury to the south-east of the town of Agaña; and, during a perfectly serene state of the atmosphere, suddenly rose eight feet above its usual level. This occurred only at that particular point, although the whole island had shared in the general shock. M. Casilla Salazar, governor of the Marianne Islands, had made the following general observations:—1. The earthquakes were in general frequent in those islands only at the change of the monsoons. 2. The earthquakes were more or less numerous according as the seasons happened to be more or less rainy. 3. The shocks became stronger according as they coincided with any eruption of volcanoes now in activity in the north of those islands. It was further observed, that no recent shocks had been sufficiently strong to overthrow any houses in those islands. The year 1837 had been marked by great disasters in the group of the Carolines. In October, after a violent tempest, the sea overflowed part of the isle of Guam, and did much damage. Four small low isles, namely, Ylato, Sataval, La Monja, and Goulai, disappeared; two of them still have part of their rocks above the surface of the sea; the other two form dangerous shoals. Those of the inhabitants who escaped took refuge in the Marianne Islands. After quitting the archipelago of the Marianne Islands, M. Dumont d'Urville, with the expedition, visited the Moluccas, but found no one there who had made observations of similar phenomena.

Geology of China.—M. Stanislas Julien addressed to the Academy some further observations on this topic, extracted from a Chinese author,—his communication being limited to the volcanic phenomena of the island of Formosa. The work alluded to has been recently received from China, and is called "An abridged History of the Pacification of the Island of Thai-Wan (Formosa)." It was published in 1723 by Kien-Ting-Yonan, who played an important part in the expedition. The sixth book of the supplement contains an article entitled "Fire Mountains," of which the following is an extract:—"That a mountain should emit fire is a fact, which appears fabulous; but that flames should come out of water, is apparently still more fabulous. Nothing, however, is better proved than this double phenomenon. There are two fire mountains in the island of Thai-Wan, within the district of Tchou-lo-Hien. One is to the north of Pan-Tsioner, to the east of two mountains called Miao-lo-Tchan, and Miao-wou-Tchan. By day, columns of smoke constantly rise from it, and by night it gives out a bright light. It is in that part of the island which is inhabited by savage tribes that cannot be approached. The other volcano forms part of the range which extends to the south of the principal town of the district: it is situated

behind the Ya-Ngan-Tchan mountains." Another passage of the same work relates to a boiling spring emitting flames:—"At the foot of a peak of moderate height, there is to be seen in the rock a fissure by which a boiling stream comes forth. From the midst of stones heaped up in disorder, jets of fire burst forth; and from the bottom of the water, comes a light, brilliant flame, which rises to the height of three or four feet without any smoke. This phenomenon takes place by night as well as by day. If a bit of wood is thrown into this fissure, a cloud of smoke, followed by a bright light, suddenly comes forth, and in the twinkling of an eye the wood is reduced to ashes. The stones are black, and so hard that nobody can break them. The earth surrounding the stones is as much calcined and as hard as they are." M. Julien quoted from the "General Geography," published by order of the Emperor Kian-Long, in 1744, passages relating, some to another burning spring, others to some mud-eruptions; others again, to volcanoes, more or less in activity, and one, in particular, to a solfatara:—"The Sulphur-Mountain (Lieou-Hooang-Tchan) is situated to the north of the district of Tchong-Hoa-Hien, quite close to the town of Tan-Tchou-Tching (or the City of Freshwater). At the foot of the mountain there is a burning spot which emits a vivid light. When the sun darts its rays upon it, vapours are emitted, which cannot be inhaled without great danger. Earth taken from this part of the mountain is boiled, and a great quantity of sulphur extracted from it."

Notice was given to the Academy of a commercial expedition of three ships, to visit the South Seas and the western coasts of America, partly for purposes of trade, partly for those of scientific observation, to sail from Havre next October. The owners, with great liberality, offered free passage and maintenance for four savans, to be designated by the Institute, and promised to grant them all the facilities in their power. This communication was received with great satisfaction.

The *Académie Française* has awarded a prize of 3000*fr.* to Mlle. Sanvan, for her "Manual for Commercial Primary Schools (Girls);" and a gold medal of 2000*fr.* to M. Hello, for his "Philosophy of the History of France."

Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Sitting of May 29.—A memoir was read by M. B. Guérard, member of the Academy, on the "Chronicle of Richer," inserted in the collection of Pertz, which threw considerable light on the early history of France.—M. Berton terminated the reading of his memoir on the geography of ancient Tyre.—M. Raoul Rochette read the first part of a report on the discoveries made by M. Mauduit in the ancient Troas. It appeared that this gentleman was the first who had shewn that the tumulus, commonly called "The Tomb of Ajax," was of Roman construction, and that there existed the vestiges of a circular tomb, which, in all probability, was the real tomb of that hero. He had not been so successful in designating the tomb of Achilles.

Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin. Sitting of May 24.—Professor Gené reported on a memoir by Prince Charles de Musignano, entitled "Amphibia Europea ad Systema Nostrium Vertebratorum Ordinata."—Professor Giulio read a memoir on the determination of the mean density of the earth, from observations with a pendulum made at the Hospice of Mount Cenis, in 1821.

The *Royal Archaeological Society of Copenhagen*, in sitting of May 17, heard an interest-

ing communication on the discovery of some Runic remains, the foundations of Icelandic houses, a statue of the god Thor, &c., at Bahia, in Brazil, by Dr. Lund, the learned geologist: thus giving additional proof that South America, as well as North America, had been visited by Icelanders and Europeans many ages before Columbus.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred a gold medal on Signor D. Bertolotti, of the Academy of Sciences of Turin, for literary merit.

It may not be generally known that Charles Buonaparte, the father of Napoleon, died at Montpellier in 1783, and was interred there in a very modest tomb in the Church of St. Denis.

A learned and scientific work on the island of Sardinia, with numerous maps, plates, geological sections, &c., in 4 vols. 8vo. by Count Albert de la Marmora, is announced for publication. It has occupied the writer thirty years in compiling.

The angry controversy between Messrs. Arago and Pontécoulant still continues, and assumes every day a more personal character. The latter gentleman has published a letter to M. Encke of Berlin, as a reply to the former's letter to Humboldt. There is a good deal of politics mixed up with this quarrel.

A volume of fables in verse, and minor poems, by M. Bressier, has been given to the world. One of the former, entitled "La Pie," is as follows:—

"Prisonnière depuis deux ans,
Margot la pie, enfin, trouva la clé des champs,
Et sans prendre congé s'échappa de sa cage.

Parmi les oiseaux de retour,
Elle leur racontait (des captifs c'est l'usage)
Ce qu'elle avait souffert pendant son esclavage.

"Où, mes amis," leur disait-elle un jour,
"De mes tourmens le plus insupportable
Était d'entendre le caquet

De certain oiseau vert appelé perroquet.
Quel babillard impitoyable!
Vous connaissez notre voisin l'oisin,

Criant sans rime ni raison:
La commerce corneille est assez ennuyeuse;
Dieu merci, l'hirondelle est joliment pareille;
Ce n'est rien en comparaison.

Pour le supplice des oreilles,
Le perroquet fut fait. Du mal jusqu'au soir
On l'entend répéter, croyant faire merveilles:
"Jacot! pauvre Jacot! voilà tout son savoir."

Tout maussade qu'il est, sa maîtresse en raffole;
Elle est aux petits soins pour ce beau favori;
Elle bat ses enfans, querelle son mari,
Et cresse l'oisin. Feste soit de la folie!

Dom Jacot étourdit la maison par ses cris,
Dame Alix par son bavardage;
Ils semblent du babil se disputer le prix;
On n'y tient pas au voisinage.

Que leurs pareils sont ennuyeux!
Fuyez-les, mes amis, d'une lieue à la ronde.
Quant à moi, pour m'éloigner d'eux,
J'irai, je crois, au bout du monde."

Chacun méconnaît ses travers;
Maint grand parleur se plaint des longs discours des autres.
Nos yeux sur les défauts des voisins sont ouverts,
Mais ils sont fermés sur des nôtres."

Sciarada.
Primo, Incanto auriga
In me peri.
Secondo, Per me giustitia
Giannali falli.
Intero, Chi mi soccorre
Dio l' benedi.

Answer to the last:—Pa-lino-di-a.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P., in the chair.—The Rev. Mr. Barnewell exhibited an ancient square silver dish, found at Mileham in Norfolk.—Mr. Acton exhibited some dishes, cups, and a vase, or amphora, of mixed white metal, found at Icklingham in Suffolk; one of the dishes was remarkably similar in form and pattern to that found at Mileham, though those from Icklingham appear to be of a much more ancient date. Mr. Gage Rokewode communicated some observations on these relics. Two

Roman coins were found near those discovered at Icklingham, but whether the dishes, &c., were Roman, appeared doubtful.—A letter was read from Mr. Browne, at Vienna, stating that in a book of blazonry, printed at Vienna about 150 years back, he had found the cognisance of the English family of Howard, with the banner of Richard II., apparently from a tomb of one of the family buried at Vienna. On making inquiry after the tomb, he could not at first obtain any intelligence of it; but, after considerable trouble and search, he discovered the stone laid down as pavement, with the face undisturbed. It appears that the authorities had ordered the carving to be entirely effaced, before placing it in the pavement, but the workman employed had a praiseworthy reluctance to do so; and, although a policeman was employed to see the defacement performed, he contrived to preserve a considerable part of the carving. With much trouble, and some danger from the authorities, Mr. Browne was enabled to replace the stone by another, and has sent it to Mr. Howard of Corby.—Mr. J. Gough Nichols communicated a paper 'On the Heraldic Devices on the Dresses of Richard II. and his Queen, on their Tomb at Westminster,' drawings of which, by Mr. Hollis, he lately exhibited to the Society. Mr. Nichols noticed the ancient custom of furniture, dress, &c. being marked or "powdered" with heraldic devices, and described the several devices, or cognisances, assumed by different kings and princes of England. Part of this paper being read, the remainder was postponed. The Society then adjourned, on account of Whitsun week, to Thursday, the 18th instant.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts (Illustration), 8 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
Saturday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS. ROYAL ACADEMY. [Fifth notice.]

THE new apartment called "The Octagon Room" is a place which seems better calculated for hiding pictures than for shewing them to the public. And yet it contains works of as high pretension as any that appear in the three great rooms *en suite*. Among them are

5. *The Glee Maiden*. R. S. Lauder.—From "The Fair Maid of Perth." The characters of the monk and of the poor meretricious female are finely contrasted; and the whole subject is treated with Mr. Lauder's usual skill and power.

11. *Titian in his Study*. W. Simson.—The artist has introduced a female figure and a bright mirror, as seen in a well-known picture by Titian himself. The great Venetian is painted *en profile*, and with much care and attention to nature. The colouring is exceedingly harmonious.

Of the few remaining performances which can be seen in this ill-contrived nook, we beg especially to point out 7. *The Ford*, T. Creswick; 12. *Ruins at Gornou—Egypt*, W. Müller; 33. *In the Meadows of Fordwich, Banks of the Stour, near Canterbury*, T. S. Cooper; 35. *Portrait of a Lady*, R. Rothwell; 4. *Portrait of a Lady*, Mrs. W. Carpenter; 31. *On the Scheldt, near Antwerp*, H. Lancaster.

The room which the catalogue describes as

for "Drawings and Miniatures," presents the usual admixture of oil-colours. As our limits will not admit of so extended a measure of art, we shall confine ourselves to the legitimate tenants of the apartment; of which there are surely enough to satisfy any reasonable visitor.

Portraiture is still the leading feature; and in that department the works of A. E. Chalon, R.A. claim our first attention. From these we select 563. *Portrait of La Señora de Acuña*; 579. *Portrait of Lady Lytton Bulwer*; 587. *Portrait of Mrs. Richard Lane*; and 624. *Portraits of the Children of Sir John and the Lady Charlotte Guest*; in all of which taste, skill, and variety, are admirably displayed. There are other striking productions in the same walk of art by J. Linnel, J. J. Rochard, W. F. Wainwright, and J. W. Wright.

520. *The Colleen-bawn and the Colleen-ihlu*, *Peasants*, S. Lover, is a very clever drawing; marked by some peculiarly characteristic features. It is a sweet Irish subject, and treated with true national feeling.

575. *Sketch for a Picture of a Battle of the Amazons and Grecians*. G. Jones, R.A.—As a composition, it does credit to the talents of the artist: as a subject, it does no credit to either of the parties engaged.

584. *The Disabled Commodore in his Retirement at Greenwich Hospital*, 1800. Sir. D. Wilkie, R.A.—Such subjects are no less worthy of the pencil of painters, than of the noble provision made for our brave veterans of both navy and army.

580. *An Indianman "taken a-back" in a White Squall in the Bay of Bengal*. W. J. Leatham.—In how many colours squalls may appear we know not; but we know that this representation of one of them is skilfully and spiritedly executed.

598. *Fossil Fishes, from the Collection of Sir Philip Egerton*, M.P. J. Dinkel.—Very curious and very beautiful specimens, imitated in all their details with the greatest care and skill.

619 and 629. *In the grounds of Marble Hall Cottage, Twickenham*. J. J. Chalon, A.—The banks of the Thames, where its embellished retreats afford the most beautiful examples of the picturesque, could scarcely yield any more interesting than the subjects of these detached representations.

623. *Israelites: a Study*. S. A. Hart, R.A. Elect.—The characters here brought together in composition, independent of any excitement from subject or event, are of a very high order.

In Landscape, the room is not wanting in rich variety; and when we say that several of these productions are from the pencil of so distinguished an artist as J. Martin, it will sufficiently guarantee their merit. But we are now called upon briefly to advert to the Miniatures and Enamels. Some of the former are of more than the ordinary size, and of more than ordinary merit. Among the most distinguished are the productions of W. C. Ross, R. Thorburn, W. Booth, Sir W. J. Newton, A. Robertson, Miss Gillies, S. Lover, H. Collen, &c. The enamels occupy, as they deserve, a conspicuous place in the room. Among them:—893. *Charles I., from the Original by Vandyck*; and 902. *Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., from the Original by Vandyck*, H. P. Bone (whole-length portraits), are distinguished by the fidelity and finish with which they are executed. Others, by W. Essex, J. Haslem, W. Bone, jun., J. Lee, &c., are also entitled to great praise.

We must not omit two drawings which add attraction and variety to the rest of the room,

viz. 869. *Charles Kemble, Esq.*; and 870. *Charles Kemble, Esq. as Don Felix*. R. J. Lane, A.E.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of Mrs. Maberly. Painted by F. Grant, S.A.; Engraved by T. Landseer. M'Lean.

THE Queen's example has brought horsemanship into fashion, and has thereby conferred the greatest benefit on the fairer portion of her majesty's loving subjects. This is an equestrian portrait of the highly-gifted authoress of the new novel entitled "Emily." Beautiful herself, she manages her spirited steed beautifully, and sits with as much nonchalance, during one of his capering caracoles, as if she were the rough rider of a regiment of cavalry. The names of the artists are a sufficient warrant for the animation and excellence of the work.

The Plunder of Basing House. Painted by C. Landseer, A.R.A.; Engraved by J. G. Murray. Mrs. Parkes, Golden Square.

WHEN the picture from which the noble print now under our notice has been engraved appeared at the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House in 1836, we spoke of it with unqualified commendation; characterising it as one of the finest compositions we had ever seen, and as a work in which, warmly as we had always expressed ourselves with respect to Mr. Charles Landseer's merits, that able artist had gone far beyond our expectations, and had taken new and very high ground indeed. It is with great pleasure that we feel ourselves justified in extending our praise to this most successful transcript of the original. We may here observe that mezzotinto engraving has been gradually gaining ground since the time when the late John Dixon introduced a mixed manner into his prints; of which style "The Tiger," after Stubbs, and "Ugolino," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, were brilliant examples. Of late years, however, the art has made a more than usually rapid progress; and in the present day mezzotinto, in addition to the qualities which it already possessed, has been rendered as luminous as any other mode of engraving. Of all these modern improvements Mr. Murray has happily availed himself. He has done more. He has faithfully preserved the varied expression, and the pathos of the painting. We have before us, in undiminished power, the fierce and sanguinary ruffians who are the perpetrators of the outrage; the venerable nobleman who is the victim of his loyalty, and of his devotion to his ancient faith; and his lovely and affectionate daughter, who is endeavouring to cheer and support him under the dreadful circumstances of the moment; while the costumes, the armour, the plate, the jewels, the parchments, and the other accessories of the scene, are represented with all the truth and attention to detail by which they were distinguished in the picture. The late Mr. Payne Knight was sceptical on the subject of the moral influence of the fine arts; and held that their civilising and softening effect was at any rate confined to their lovers and professors. We are of a different opinion, and are persuaded that such a production as that to which we have just called the attention of our readers must excite in all who see it a salutary horror of violence and bloodshed, and a warm sympathy for suffering dignity and virtue.

Illustrations of British Costume, from the Earliest to the Present Period. Drawn and Etched by Leopold and Charles Martin. Part I.

THE commencement of a publication which, when completed, will, we have no doubt, be very interesting and valuable, both to the artist and to the antiquary.

Letters of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, in Perfect Facsimile. Collected and Copied by Joseph Netherclift. Nos. I and II. M'Lean.

THESE letters are intended "as self-exhibitions of the various characters in the series of British Portraits, with biographical and historical memoirs, by the late Edmund Lodge, Esq. F.S.A." Some of them are exceedingly curious, and will interest the general reader not less than the historian and antiquary. Mr. Netherclift's talents in this branch of lithography are well known. The letters in the two numbers before us are from Margaret of Lancaster, Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Edward VI., Lord Darnley, the Earl of Murray, James I., Charles I., Charles II., Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Wadham, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Beaton, Cranmer, Cardinal Pole, Mary, queen of Scots, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, Prince Henry, son of James I., Oliver Cromwell, and Prince Rupert.

Mr. Henry Betty, in the Character of Rollo. Drawn by F. Onwhyn. Onwhyn.

WHOEVER recollects the theatrical wonder of between thirty and forty years ago, may trace in the print under our notice a similar expression of countenance, although (a father will pardon the remark) with more finely formed features.

Robert Burns. Painted by C. Hancock; Engraved by W. Gilles. Moon. SCOTIA'S bard is here represented "with his hand on the plough, and his heart with the Muse." He is intently gazing on that

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flow'r," which formed the subject of one of his simplest and most pathetic effusions; and, by the pensive expression of his countenance, he appears to be anticipating the period when he

"Maun crush among the stoure
Its slender stem."

In the meanwhile his "naigs" are making the most of their hour of relaxation from labour, and constitute an excellent back-ground for the figure of the abstracted poet.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ART.

The Louvre: Salon of 1840.

[Sixth Notice.]

WE have now noticed nearly all the classes of painters of the modern French School, as exemplified by their works in this year's *salon*, except the painters of interiors, of architectural subjects, &c., the painters of landscapes, and the painters in water-colours. In the interiors, we have little or nothing of particular excellence to mention, except a good view of the "Church of St. Sebastian," in Spain, by M. Sebron, the gentleman whose able brush painted all M. Daguerre's later dioramas; and a very clever sketch of "The Bedroom of Louis XIV. at Versailles," by Lafay. Whoever has visited that gorgeous apartment will recollect the richness of colour for which it is remarkable; and the artist, who is generally successful in subjects of this kind, has acquitted himself with unusual vigour, both of conception and of handling, in representing the "grand mo-

narque," with some of his courtiers and Mansart, his favourite architect, discussing the merits of a plan.—There is a French artist of great powers, who is now studying at Venice, whither he has betaken himself as an imitator of Canaletti—M. Joyant; and he ever and anon sends over to Paris canvasses of the greatest beauty. This artist, though at present he is keeping too strictly in the leading-strings of Canaletti—so much so as scarcely to attempt anything for which he cannot find an authority among the works of that master—will no doubt come out in course of time as a painter of vast power and originality. For breadth of shadow, and for truth of local colouring, we do not hesitate to say that he is equal to Canaletti in his best times; but in aerial effect, and, if there be any poetry in architectural painting, in the imaginative parts of his pictures, he is superior. A large view of the Place of St. Mark, from the western end, and several smaller pieces of Venetian views, have attracted well-deserved attention in this year's Exhibition. What M. Joyant wants is the warmth and masterly conception of our own Roberts; but it is not given to many men to come near that great painter in their works.—M. Justin Ouvrié is another of the most rising architectural painters in France; and this year he has given us a "View of a Court at Fontainebleau," that indicates talent of a very high order.

But let us come to the landscape-painters, Nature's own limners and interpreters,—they who should be not merely the delineators, but also the poetical translators, of all that she has of fair or beautiful, of terrible or sublime;—men whose hands should be such servants to their eyes, and their eyes to their souls, that the facts and deeds of the material universe should be conveyed by them to all men in legible and harmonious characters. The landscape-painter is one of that order of Nature's priests whose duty it is to represent, as it is of others to proclaim, the order and excellence of the Creator's works; and in this exercise of his function she is required to use the same warmth of feeling, the same ardour of imagination, the same desire to bring out and put forward all that is brightest and best in what he beholds, as the poet is, whose sphere of descriptive action is limited to words, and the extent of whose delineative powers is determined by the white paper and the flowing pen. It has been justly remarked, that the painter of inanimate objects should not attempt to give them merely as they are; that is, as they strike his own individual perception; but that there should be a certain selection of the good and a suppression of the bad parts, which may be sure of producing an agreeable effect upon the minds of his fellow-men,—that is to say, of his judges. So much of the beauty of any assemblage of objects, or of its ungracefulness, depends upon the frame of mind of the observer, that the reason of this precept is readily perceptible; and sanctioned, as it has been, by the almost uniform practice of all the greatest masters, it may now be laid down as a fundamental canon of art. The fact is, that the vulgar and uninformed mind is rarely so much touched by the mute language of the creation, the real "harmony of the spheres," as it ought to be: it is dull in perceiving the analogies, and in feeling the associations of ideas to which a cultivated mind is all alive, when the eyes are feeding on some exquisite specimen of the Almighty's handiwork: the eye holds no communion with the soul, and the ideas that are impressed become easily effaceable from the barren tablets of the memory. It is not the

peasant who feels the beauty of the spot on which he lives: it is the man who is a reader, a thinker, a searcher after what is good and great, who knows how not only to admire the glorious works of the Parent of Good, but also to praise the beneficent hand that has placed him amidst them. As with men, so it is with rude or partially civilised nations; the love for landscape-painting is one of the latest tastes that spring up amongst them; and it is a branch of art that is only beginning to develop itself when the others have reached a state of maturity. "Of all modes of painting," says M. Delécluze, a French critic of great acumen, "that of landscape seems to be the one that most requires experience of art, and long and laborious observation of nature. Nearly all the famous landscape-painters, Claude-Lorraine and Poussin among others, only betook themselves to their styles at a late period, and attained to excellence in them only after long study of nature, and when their well-practised hands had overcome all difficulties of practical execution. Landscape-painting, in the course of a painter's works, holds nearly the same place as descriptive verses and moral descriptions do in those of a poet: in each case they are the results of maturity of age—of the autumn of life: landscape-painting is the last mode that is thought of being adopted; and it may be said that, in general, the descriptive style in literature, like landscape-painting in art, are only appreciated, and therefore only cultivated, at certain epochs of civilisation, when disgust for men and things leads back the mind to simple ideas, and the grand, calm pictures of nature."

This is at once beautiful and true: our object in quoting it, and in making the foregoing observations, is to introduce the remark that the French artists are now beginning to feel the real poetry of landscape-painting, and to form a school based on corresponding principles. They are, as a class of landscape-painters, inferior, far inferior, to our own countrymen; but still they have great men among them, and not many years will elapse before great things will be done by them. At the head of this school stand Decamps and Dupré, followed by their pupils, or imitators, Cabat, Troyon, Jeanron, Marilhat, Legentile, Flers, Corot, Flamin, &c.; while in separate lines, clearly defined by the variety of their practice, we may place the great names of Isabey and Gudin. As we have once before had occasion to observe, the system of colouring adopted by these artists is one of no small complication, and of great power. They commence by painting on their grounds as if they were preparing for the most transparent, sketchy picture that ever left the easel of an English artist; and Gudin, indeed, proceeds very much upon the English system, finishing his picture, however, at the second coating, and evidently working with all his colours in a very wet state. Isabey finishes in probably the third painting over; so does Flers; and both of them preserve high degrees of transparency, the second more perhaps than the first,—there being, at the same time, an immense distance between them in point of ability. Decamps paints repeatedly over his pictures,—five, six, seven times in parts, but with great rapidity; preserving, after all, a pseudo-transparent effect, which, when harmonised by his glazings, which he uses with the utmost science, produce an incredible richness and solidity of tone that, perhaps, he alone possesses. The fault of his method is that his colours have not time to dry one under the other, and they chip and crack. Dupré, on the other hand, is as slow as any of the others are

rapid: he professes to take Ruysdael for his model, and, commencing with a bold, hard-painted ground, he works and works upon this, painting bold glazing, and then painting again on the glaze, and then glazing again upon that, and then giving force with some fresh touches, till, at the end of a year or two, his canvass comes out a perfect gem. If the paintings of this master could be examined with a microscope, they would present a curiously reticulated surface, through the interstices of which each of his coats of paint, down to the primitive groundwork, might often be traced. He boasts, and justly, that his colours are indestructible, so solidly and toughly are they worked up and bound together. Troyon, the favourite pupil of Dupré, adopts his manner altogether, but with rather more boldness and with much less patience. M. Cabat, a pupil of Fiers, proceeded like M. Legentile (who, by the way, is a young artist of extraordinary promise) also upon M. Dupré's plan: he has, however, latterly entirely given himself up to the study of Poussin, in composition, colouring, handling, idea—in fact, every thing; but, though an implicit imitator, he produces great and original paintings. We ought to say that Isabey, who is very fond of painting the interiors of alchemist's laboratories, and subjects of that kind, combines solidity of painting with rapidity of execution in a manner for which he is without a rival; and the surfaces which he succeeds in giving to his paintings have that peculiar richness and boldness which colours, when applied as Sir Joshua Reynolds said they ought to be, of a creamy or cheese-like consistency, will generally leave on the canvass. The names which we have here mentioned are decidedly the greatest of the French landscape school of the present day. At the head, in our own opinion, stands Decamps; next to him, Isabey and Dupré; then Cabat, Troyon, Fiers, &c. Gudin stands apart; he is the Turner of France: he is not like any body else, and nobody is like him; nobody imitates him, and for this plain reason—they cannot: there is no one that can come near him for rapidity, and there are none that have the same vein of poetry.

Roqueplan and Lepoitierin are two eminent men in the landscape line; while the former is great as a semi-historical painter and as a delineator of rich interiors; the latter being, as we have already had occasion to shew, "a dab hand at a boat," and "a whale at the sea," to borrow some elegant expressions from Brother Jonathan. As a painter of sea-pieces, Gudin is certainly the first in France, and as certainly next to him is Isabey; but, to go on with the limners of dry land, we must mention the three chiefs of the opaque school, Coignet, Lapito, and Giroux. We need not explain their practice, having already defined it to exist fundamentally in the principle of each colour remaining good just as it is stuck on: but we may add that each of these artists, and many of their pupils, are such capital draughtsmen, and have been such good students of nature, that their pictures are always pleasing; their main defect being, as may be easily anticipated, crudity of colour. There are five young marine and coast-scene painters in France of great promise,—Mozin, Morel-Fatio, Delacroix, Dubois, and Stubbs (the latter a young Englishman of Boulogne), who, if they persevere, will bring the school into no small repute. The latter goes much on the English transparent principle, and is rapidly advancing into note every day; the first of the four has plenty of the stuff whereof painters are made to cut himself out a lasting reputation: indeed they are all good.

In the present *salon*, Decamps and Dupré have no canvasses whatever; Isabey has one; Gudin, seven; Jeanron, two; Cabat, four; Troyon, four; Marilhat, Lepoitierin, &c., several; Roqueplan, none:—the display is chequered; it is not, on the whole, first-rate; but there are enough pictures to necessitate a few words upon them. Of all the landscapes, those by M. Cabat are the most remarkable; his *magnum opus* being a study, à la Poussin, of a rich woodland scene, somewhere in Italy (though, from the subject, "The Good Samaritan," it ought to be in Judea), a sloping, rocky ascent, with stately trees, among which winds a road; the sea in the distance; the time, incipient twilight: the sun just gone down, and the moon up, and yet not night, as Byron so beautifully describes it. It is a picture of great solemnity; the vertical lines of the stems of the tall trees cutting the horizontal lines of the sea and a rocky ridge; the slope of the hill, introducing a general system of diagonal lines, with the road winding across that slope, giving another system of lines, intersecting and sloping in an opposite direction; the calm stillness of all nature, where not a leaf of the trees moves, and the quiet repose of the sea, repeated in a clear pool of the foreground; the blue expanses of the water, the cloudless heaven, the dark green of the foliage, and the rich tones of the rocks;—all this produces a grand and harmonious effect, peculiarly satisfying to the eye and the mind; and the visitor of the Louvre stops at once, and remains long before a work of such first-rate excellence. Another landscape, "The Lake of Nemi," by M. Cabat, is a poetical, but still a faithful, view of that favoured spot: the artist has nothing but a magnificent tree inclining over the pool, with a rude boat in the foreground; but his treatment of the tree and the water is masterly in the extreme—all is grand and tranquil.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

AN illustrious meeting at Exeter Hall, on Monday, has followed up the course pointed out for the final extinction of this horrible traffic in a manner which must delight every humane heart. Having contributed our humble effort to the good work in the *Literary Gazette* of March 21st (No. 1209), on reviewing Mr. Buxton's volume, we shall not trench on the usual newspaper province by any report or remarks, but content ourselves with adding a poetical contribution to the holy cause:—

MORNA; OR, THE SLAVE.

An Eclogue, respectfully addressed to the Society for the Extinction of Slavery in Africa.

Scene.—The Banks of the River Zahir.

ALONG the beach, by Avarice beguiled,
A ruthless mother dragg'd her only child;
What time the rising sun, with genial beam,
Had shed its radiance o'er the passing stream:—
Their prey awaiting, where in ambush stood
Europe's unfeeling sons who trade in blood.

Yet ere the harden'd crew the purchase paid,
And to their grasp her daughter she conveyed,
With faltering voice, and palpitating breast,
Her cruel parent Morna thus address'd:—

"O Thou! from whom the breath of life I drew,
List to my plaints,—the base resolve subdue.
Why am I thus, unconscious of a crime,
In virgin innocence and beauty's prime,
Endow'd with many a grace of heart and mind,
To cruel hordes and Slavery thus consign'd?
Doom'd in some foreign clime to endless toil,
And dread alike a tyrant's frown or smile!

Bethink thee, ere base lucre steal thy heart,
What numerous joys these toiling hands impart:
Do they not turn the soil from morn till eve,
That ripen'd grain thy hunger might relieve?
Cull from the palm or date the choicest fruit,
To please thy palate, or thy fancy suit?

Have they not oft, when labour closed the day,
Made to my art the finny race a prey?
The dashing oar with ceaseless arduous plied,
And sped thy bark through Zahir's silver tide?
And when rude winds our hut were wont to rend,
Fell torrents pour and driving rains descend,—
When the fork'd lightning gleam'd athwart the sky,
And Oni's dreadful voice was heard on high,—
Have I not slain the tiger on the waste,
And with his skin thy trembling limbs embraced?
Reflect on this. And when the noontide heat
Parch'd every shrub, and wither'd every sweet,—
When tall palm-trees sicken'd on the plain,
And sturdy hinds, exhausted, fell with pain,—
To groves of orange, or banana's shade,
Have I not oft thy feverish form conveyed?
And amid odorous steeples and plumbain bowers,
Beguiled with artless lays the sultry hours?

Deeds but to name should Avarice control,
And melt to tenderness the sternest soul.
Say, mother, say: should sickness ill disclose,
Who like thy child will lull thee to repose?
Plunge in the forest drear to get thee food,
Or scour the waste, or skink the foaming flood?
Thy sorrows woe my misery feel,
And here a balm and there a charm reveal?
And, doom'd that child to slavery and shame,
To writhe beneath the lash her tender frame,
Extremes of hardship and of pain to bear,
Or sink, perhaps, the victim of Despair?
Think thou the garden'd fields display
Will chase Compunction or Remorse away?
No! Grief will follow and thy peace invade,
In nightly dreams—my visionary shade.

But should these tears, this reasoning, fail to move
One ray of pity—of maternal love;
If from my looks, my cares, my youth, my sighs,
No fond affections, no compassion rise;
Or the remembrance e'en of labour past,—
Hear this appeal, and it shall be my last.
When spur'd by kindred, and by friends forgot,
Pain, penury, and woe, beset thy lot;
And, groaning 'neath the weight of age austere,
Death with his train terrific shall appear:
When of all pleasing hopes, all rest beguiled
(Shouldst thou for sordid lucre sell thy child),
Whether thy dying pangs thy throes will ease,
And keen remorse, more fell than death, appease?
Oh! trust me, sinking to the silent grave,
None for thy parting soul will blessings crave!
But thou wilt mingle with thy native dust,
By all despised, neglected, and accur'd.

The maiden paused: her looks, her tears, were vain,
A cruel mother's purpose to restrain:
Unmoved she saw degrading cords invest
Her polish'd limbs—entwine her throbbing breast,
Half frantic to the bark behold her borne
To Congo's shores—ah! never to return.

JOHN BELFORD.

THE DRAMA.

Italian Opera.—*Ines de Castro*, a pleasing opera of the modern school, though rather of the slow and heavy class, has been brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, and, without originality, deserves the applause it obtained. Several of its compositions gratified the ear; and the performance of the whole was excellent. Taglioni has also appeared to enrapture the admirers of the dance; and the omnibus box, so late the focus of furious row, is now a concentration of such enthusiasm, that stalls and pit catch the infection, and the whole audience rings with shouts and clappings, such as no pair of feet ever earned before.

Covent Garden.—On Friday last week this theatre closed, and Madame Vestris delivered a very pertinent address. The season, with all its advantages, has done little more than save its spirited management from loss; but in properties, and other expenses incident to a theatre, it must have made provision against similar heavy outlay next year. Two new plays by Sheridan Knowles and Leigh Hunt have been the only dramatic efforts of importance, though perhaps in these days the Christmas pantomime and the clever Easter piece might venture to compete with Love and Poetry. The striking feature of the season has been the costliness and care with which the stage has been garnished. The scenery, by the Grieves, has been replete with many beauties; and the costumes, under the direction of Mr. Planché, have mingled antiquarian skill with an application of dramatic effect in a manner more perfect than

has hitherto been generally seen. On the whole, the theatre has been so liberally and well conducted that we are glad to find it remains in the same hands; and we trust, with the experience gained and the means (to which we have alluded) amassed, Madame Vestris will reopen with ample public support, and carry through a profitable season, giving more encouragement to the dramatic genius of the day, and producing more novelties worthy of popularity than she has in her first essay with a great house been able to accomplish. At present, it is enough to say of her, that she has done more than any political government ever did,—fulfilled all her engagements; and, more than most of our young folks do, dressed well and paid her way.

Haymarket.—Having elsewhere offered a few cursory remarks on the tragedy of *Glencoe*, we have here only to notice the manner in which it is performed. As usual, the genius of Macready raises the part of *Halbert* to a towering height above all the rest. Sententious in the didactic, and overwhelming in the passionate scenes, he resembles that unrivalled spot whence the play is named; varying at every turn, beautiful, wild, impressive, and terrific, and natural in every change and aspect. Inimical critics say that modern plays are monodramas written for this performer; it is true in no other sense except that his admirable personations make them so. We should rejoice to see ten other Richmonds in the field; but, as there are none, we are not disposed to find fault with One, whose own abilities place every character he undertakes at the top of the profession, and almost out of sight of competition. We like Miss Helen Faucit much in *Helen*. There is a subdued tone and a sweet maidenly feeling about her performance of the character, which are very touching. Mr. Howe's *Henry*, we are sorry to say, spoils much of the poet's language and effect. This is aggravated by the anomalous dress, which, though correct, has an evil influence on the stage pathetic. The Ramilies military mixture suits wretchedly with the free and graceful Highland garb; and the union tended to throw an air of ridicule over the scenes in which *Henry* appeared. We wondered how the kilted *Halbert* could be enraged by, or the gentle *Helen* be in love with, an object so accoutred. Miss P. Horton did the little which the interesting *Alister* has to do with her usual talent, and in the slight part displayed both the spirit and the feeling with which it is sketched. Mrs. Warner, also, did all that could be done by looks and energy, for the character of *Lady Macdonald*; and Webster's *Mac Ian*, together with the other less prominent parts, were efficient personations, contributing their full share to the general effect.

On Monday, Mr. Kean made his appearance in *Hamlet*, on his return from America, and was warmly received by a crowded house. Of the performance we have only to say, that his *Hamlet* is not our *Hamlet*: it was, nevertheless, much applauded, and in some of its worst parts. Who shall direct taste, of all things else, in the drama? Another attraction at this theatre, independent of *Glencoe* thrice a-week, has been Buckstone, who is about to start for America; so that with coming from, and going to, the United States, there is never a want of London Stars.

Prince's Theatre.—Weber's *Euryanthe* has been produced here with considerable effect. Without the finish of the Italian stage, there is a certain strength in the German which makes

amends in earnestness for the want of polish. If sufficiently encouraged, so as to lead to the engagement of the highest combined talent, this branch of music might, we think, be naturalised and liberally rewarded in London.

Douton's Benefit on Monday presents such a cast of characters in the comedy, musical interlude, and farce, as were hardly ever assembled on any one occasion. It will not only, therefore, be an act of grateful kindness to swell the receipts, but an act of great self-indulgence in every lover of the drama. Many may see there the lights of days gone by, whom they can never see again; and in future years will be able to recall with happy memory the night when they witnessed so brilliant a congregation of histrionic talent, engaged in goodwill and harmony in so meritorious a performance.

Mr. Eliason's Concert, Monday Evening.—So many musical entertainments, public and private, given on the same evenings, of necessity divide the disposable talent and dim the lustre of a single assemblage; and, moreover, the double engagements of the singers, &c. consequent thereon derange the order of succession which the programme promises. Notwithstanding such impediments, Mr. Eliason's concert was complete in every attraction; and overflowed with many beauties, vocal and instrumental, some of which we proceed to notice. Auber's "O Tourment du Veuvage!" was sung by Madame Dorus-Gras most sweetly. The delicious warbling of this accomplished singer, and the sweet flexible voice of Madame Stockhausen, contributed largely to the harmony of the evening, and to the enjoyment of the lovers of sweet sounds. We must, however, except an injudicious selection by the latter: the song from the Seasons (Haydn) is not suited for that voice, so charming in German and Swiss ballads. Mercadante's "Lieto voci" was sung by Signor Tamburini most superbly. The other singers were Misses Hawes, Birch, Mlle. Bildstein, Madame Schumann, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. John Parry, and Herr Schmetzer: also the "German Chorus" conducted by Herr Ganz. These latter exerted themselves very effectively, and with delightful harmony. The instrumentalists were Liszt, Eliason, Schultz, and Jarrett (piano, violin, guitar, and horn). The mere mention of their names is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of their several performances. Liszt's "Grand Valse di Bravura," in the second part of the evening's selections, was enthusiastically encored. The call was responded to by a substitute, which equally displayed the powers of the celebrated pianist. This, however, is forestalling, as we cannot conclude our notice without a few remarks on the finale of the first part: Beethoven's "Grand Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin," dedicated to Kreutzer, and played by Liszt and Eliason. They strove in rivalry, not each to exhibit his own skill, but both to give effect to the beauties of the great composer. The subdued notes of the piano accompaniment gave increased brilliancy to the tones of the violin; and nothing could excel the combined effort.

Societa Armonica.—The programme of Monday night was, doubtless, the most attractive of the season; and the concert consequently gave the greatest satisfaction to a numerous audience. The everlastingly trio of Correlli for two violoncellos and double bass, which is so beautiful that it cannot be played too often, was, even without Dragonetti, charmingly performed. Mr. Howell's double bass is next to Signor Dragonetti's, which is

high praise. A fine overture by Berlioz, which we hope to hear again, abounding in striking and novel passages, was one of the great hits of the evening. Mr. Haumann's violin fantasia was played in masterly style, and warmly encored; indeed, the whole of the instrumental music was of the highest order, and did credit to the director or directors of these excellent concerts.

VARIETIES.

Surrey Zoological Gardens, as a place of evening resort and entertainment, have entirely superseded the bygone Vauxhall. On Monday they were crowded, and the spectacles of the volcanous Hecla, the frozen sea, and other phenomena, were truly astonishing. It is not possible to conceive the effects of these magnificent exhibitions without ocular demonstration; and both young and old will be amply gratified by a visit to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The grounds alone are well worth inspection, and the many animals in the highest order complete the manifold attractions of this spot where instruction and amusement are so profusely blended.

Cambridge Camden Society.—Our readers will be glad to hear that the long-projected restoration of the Tower of St. Benedict's is at length to be carried into execution. The parish having kindly given their leave, the renovating of this curious specimen of Saxon masonry will immediately commence. The tower will be pointed in ash mortar, which will at the same time be a better protection from the weather, and will restore its original appearance. The west door, which is a barbarous wooden erection, will be removed, and one of stone, more suited to the character of the building, will be inserted.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Charing Cross.—In excavating the ground for the Nelson Column, a mass of ancient matters have been discovered, including the trunk of a tree, bones and horns of various kinds, and other deposits, which seem to indicate the site of an old market, when London stood a good many feet under its present level.

Francis Bacon, Esq.—We have this week to record the premature death of this gentleman, well known to the literary world as one of the editors of "The Times" newspaper. Endowed with great abilities, exercised in a journal of extraordinary influence, and consequently exposed to no slight temptations in every possible form, Mr. Bacon was a warm-hearted and manly character, resolute in his opinions, yet friendly and considerate, both in the public and private relations of life. Mr. Bacon, about a year ago, married a daughter of Horace Twiss, Esq., and has left an infant daughter unconscious of her heavy loss. Among the numbers of those who knew and highly esteemed him, we are sincere mourners of this melancholy event.

Outlines of China (by Robert Bell, Esq., author of the "History of Russia," &c.)—These tracts, of only ninety-two pages, reprinted from the "Atlas" newspaper, are peculiarly worthy of public acceptance at this period. Mr. Bell has, with great industry and discrimination, put together all that the general readers might desire to be informed of respecting the past, present, and future, of our enemy the Celestial Empire.

Academy of Toulouse. Sitting of May 2d, 1840.—M. Morlaen read an interesting memoir on the progressive extinction of feudal slavery and villanage in France during the middle ages. He attributed the primary causes of it to the crusades and the formation of the

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